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The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region

September, 1979

Vol. II, No. 11



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Dear Peter—

Just the other mornin' I heard Maw rattlin' around 'mongst the cannin' aparatus. So I shuffled on down behind the barn. I knew she was a-plannin' to start some cannin'. That's an awful chore, you know. She gits me a-choppin', peelin' an' a-grindin'. Gits my fingers all parboiled, green and blistered. If that ain't enough she makes me peel an' grind those darn onions. I never see her so darned happy as she gits durin' cannin' season. She knows it irritates me no end.

Now, as I shuffled on down behind the barn I thought to myself, I'll take a lickin' this year 'fore she gits me into that kitchen. I was just a-sittin' an' a-relaxin' when I heard Old Blue howlin'. I crept up 'round the corner of the barn an' peeked out over the fence. There was Maw just a-tormentin' that hound. She was a-wavin' one of my socks 'bove his nose. I knew what was up, so I started scootin' down towards the brook. Just 'bout half way down, I heard her lungs let loose. "Sic 'em, Blue." I picked up a little speed and made the brook. I knew that hound ain't too smart so I went up the brook, made a circle 'round the barn, an' got to the shed. I was a-lookin' for a hidin' place when I heard Maw scream, "git that critter!" Just then Old Blue sailed through an open window. He landed right mid-square into those mason jars. Glass flew all over that darn shed. 'Bout that time, Maw was in the doorway! She let out a blat, gave me a judo chop right behind the ear. I ally-ooped right a-top those conners. Stove 'em up pretty much. This year things are worse'n ever, with those scratches, cuts, an' bruises, an' a-sweatin' an' onion juice. I'm a-hurtin'. I never thought Maw would of found any new jars or canners. But she said you had a lot a' stuff over there.

Bert

DEAR BERT—

YOU TELL MAW WE DO HAVE A LOT OF STUFF OVER HERE FOR CANNING — MASON JARS, JAR RUBBERS, LIDS, JELLY JARS, COLANDERS, BLANCHERS. SHE CAN PICK THEM UP ANYTIME.

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P.S. HOW ABOUT A COLLAR AND LEASH FOR OLD BLUE?

—PETER.



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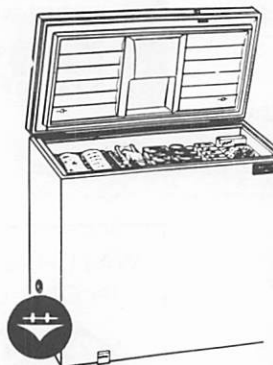
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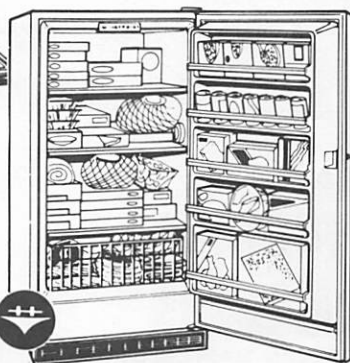
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BitterSweet

You may have noticed a new addition to the counters of your area merchants—a striking Oxford Hills Summer/Fall Guide, published under the auspices of the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce.

Pick one up—they're free—and you will find a handy portable reference book, prepared by Western Maine Graphics, detailing local services, restaurants, professional offices, entertainment, and points of interest, as well as a thumbnail history.

This guide and the summer information booth are evidence of the Chamber's active, enthusiastic support of local enterprise. Whether you're new to the area or a life-long resident, we think you'll find the Summer/Fall Guide '79 worth picking up. (Look for a new one in the winter).



Beginning in this issue, you will see some very special photographs. Taken about the turn of the century by a woman in Locke Mills, the delicate old glass plate negatives show a marvellous artistry and imagination.

Mrs. Nettie Cummings Maxim shot hundreds of painstaking photographs right around her home—some landscapes, some studies of mills and homes, and some wonderfully posed figure studies using her neighbors and her three children. Mrs. Maxim died in 1910, but through the generosity of her son, Walter Maxim of Paris Hill, and her daughter, Mrs. Winifred Merrill of Harrison, we have many of her originals. We hope to be able to bring you more of these in the coming months.

BitterSweet t-shirts are now available (on a limited basis). We offer 100% cotton t-shirts which say, "BitterSweet, The Magazine of Maine's Hills and Lakes Region." The t-shirts are available in two

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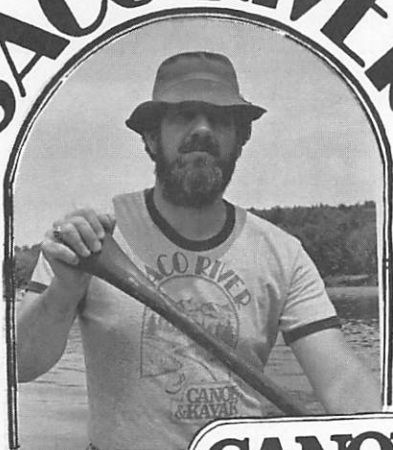
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the wizards of hebron

Students of an old brick Academy in the tiny town of Hebron have been living a unique experience during the past two years—though still in their early teens they have been involved in theatre productions so professional they have won rave reviews. In plays like *Philemon*, *Equus* and *Pippin*, the actors have time after time amazed audiences with their skillful portrayals of characters ranging from young boys to jaded old kings, from innocent girls to worldly women.

Three people at Hebron Academy are responsible for the wizardry which transforms talented teenagers into seasoned actors: Edward Lundergan, Music and French instructor; and Nicholas and Lisa Durso, both teachers of English. Together the trio has produced shows that thrill audiences and actors alike.

Dr. Nicholas Durso is the director of most productions at Hebron. He and his wife, Lisa, came to the Academy from Notre Dame University two years ago at the behest of former Headmaster David Rice, who wanted to revive the school's failed Drama Department. The Dursos found virtually no facilities, no equipment, and no experienced people, yet along with Lundergan they charmed audiences with the musical *Godspell* in that first year.

Their initial stage was borrowed from the Science Lecture Hall; only 96 people could be seated in the beginning. Wide, but not deep, the stage worked well through the performance of *Equus*. Then the gymnasium was commandeered and a huge black ramp-platform was built for the spring presentation of *Pippin*. Instead of being a liability, the poor staging facilities have resulted in a flexibility which has made all Hebron productions notable for their dramatic and distinctive stage sets. (Free-flowing, lively costumes have been another trademark of the school shows—both were designed by the Dursos.)



Scenes from *Pippin*, above.

Opposite page, top, *Equus*

From the first rehearsal the cast of each production works on the real set, thereby becoming extremely familiar with it—a technique which Dr. Durso feels is important. In fact, he is insistent upon professionalism in all aspects of the art. For *Pippin*, cast members came back early from vacation to a long weekend of intensive rehearsal. Combined with the experience which a core group of players has gained during a year's worth of acting, this rehearsal method brought the students together into a tightly-bound group.

"They really get comfortable with each other," Nick Durso says. "They open up, the experience brings them in touch with a side of themselves they never knew was there. They develop a confidence—a good impression of themselves." That confidence really starts to show up after four productions, as does the professional discipline and instruction.



"From Day One we let them know this is serious stuff. There's a lot of money and energy invested. We spoil them a little—give them t-shirts, dinners, keep them tight. We let them know that if they think they're giving 100%, we're giving 200%," the young, bearded doctor of dramatic literature says.

It is something more than hard work which manages to attract 10% of a student body of 250 to the theatre. One of those things may be the subject matter of the dramas done—death, war, spiritualism, and the human condition. It may be the contemporary style of the plays; or the fun involved in being totally responsible for every aspect of the production from sets and props to music and programs; or perhaps it is the excitement of original choreography like Lisa Durso's in *Pippin*.



Lisa and Anthony Durso

Ms. Durso has spent a lot of time working in college shows, summer and children's theatres, but usually doing costuming. She has no dance training, nor do the students who dance so skillfully under her tutelage. Relying on what she terms, "a little cheerleading and a little ham," the slender, dark-eyed teacher choreographed complicated, tricky numbers like the "War is a Science" piece in *Pippin*. The result was well-

timed beautifully-balanced and very accomplished. Though Ms. Durso (who also designs and does the calligraphy for distinctive and artistic playbills) claims "the kids are beginning to catch on that the dances are just bits and pieces of shows I've been in before," the way she puts it all together is unique.

Involvement in the theatre was what brought Lisa and Nick Durso together—they met in a college Shakespeare class where they first argued over a theatre review. (She didn't like it, he did.) Soon they were seeing plays and writing reviews together. "We were totally honest," laughs Lisa. "We had all the subtlety of a train." Following their graduation with degrees in English, Nick Durso (who recently discovered he holds the unique distinction of having been in every play performed during his four years of high school) went on to teach and direct plays at a Catholic secondary school. When the opportunity came for the two of them to teach at Hebron, they were excited about the possibility of bringing theatre with them.

Ed Lundergan

Nick Durso





A lucky accident introduced them to Edward Lundergan at the school in Maine. A quiet, red-haired and freckled musician, the Yale graduate has been teaching at Hebron Academy for three years. He studied choral music, history and theory, but had never directed a musical prior to *Godspell* in 1978.

Lundergan's talents have meshed almost magically with those of the Durso's. Using only a few multi-talented musicians—most of them from within the school's faculty and student body—he has successfully transposed, arranged, and produced musical numbers written for much larger orchestras. In the last production, *Pippin*, for example, seven people demonstrated great versatility with 14 instruments, as well as excellent co-ordination with the large cast.

"The band was present from the first rehearsal," Lundergan says, "which gives a real company-sense and effectively combats the natural theatrical division between musicians and players...I learned a lot about the psychology of directing." And the whole ensemble reached such a degree of certainty about their timing that all Ed Lundergan had to worry about was playing the piano—something that's pretty unusual in amateur musicals.

This collaboration of talented people led to development of a peripheral interest for Lundergan—writing his own music to accompany the script of *Huckleberry With Thoreau*, an original play by Dr. Nicholas Durso. "Writing a musical was a challenge," Lundergan says. The results of his composition for flute, guitar and recorder were delicately interwoven with transitions of the one-character play and impressed the audience at the premier presentation during Hebron Academy's Summer 1978 Elderhostel program. (The play was directed by Lisa Durso, and performed by Lewis Alessio of the Theatre At Monmouth.)

In spite of the successes on the home front, it takes a great deal of courage to take a high school play on tour. These teachers tried it from the beginning with *Godspell*, and expanded the tour with *Pippin*. They built a travelling set that took two hours to assemble and one to tear down. They put on nine free performances in 12 days and managed to keep up a full schedule of studying and teaching—only missing two classes. Why did they put themselves through it? The musical director felt "It was a shame to do all that rehearsal and not give more than a couple of performances."

Dr. Durso was "anxious to share that kind of joy with other schools," but Lisa Durso says they probably won't do it again for a while. The Hebron administration was pleased with the publicity, but transportation was expensive and the tour exhausting. However, the young players learned to "handle anything" in adapting to varying situations and on-the-road conditions, and that was invaluable.

The pace during the past year has been hectic: moving from tear-down of *Philemon* into casting of *Equus* (in which Durso also played a part), and from *Equus*' curtain calls almost immediately into vacation set-building for *Pippin*. But Nick Durso continues to plan for the future. Saying he feels he's a better producer than director, he worries that having his hand in everything may make it all appear "stamped Durso." So he intends to try some slightly different theatre this fall, perhaps a more classical play or a French farce.

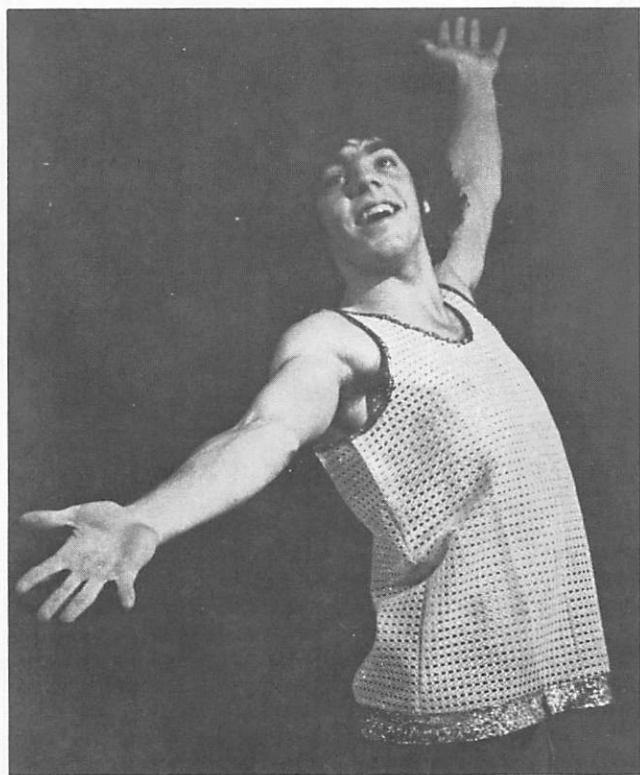
Within a school like Hebron Academy, anything seems possible. The old hallowed halls are like a family home, where an Irish

setter visits and the Durso's infant son, Anthony, has a box of toys in the Admissions Office. The husband and wife team will go on sharing an office of their own, where the baby is free to roam while they alternate baby care and teaching times with their individual English classes.

Anthony will probably continue living as dramatic a life as he has experienced in his first year, beginning with a night flight from his burning Academy home while still a newborn, followed by a calm stage debut, playing Pippin as a baby at the age of 10 months. Ed Lundergan is going to take time off from teaching to devote more time to music. He thinks maybe the future holds yet another Lundergan/Durso musical theatre collaboration.

But as the school re-opens this month after the summer hiatus, theatre-lovers can be glad that productions there are stamped Durso—and that, to paraphrase Durso's *Thoreau*, Hebron Academy has not hired people who will work only for money, but those who will work for love. □

Nancy Marcotte



At left, Pippin, a young prince growing up and coming to grips with the realities of war and the responsibilities of love.

Opposite page, top, Philemon, a musical about a spiritual vision for prisoners in Antioch.

Hebron Academy Drama 1979-1980 Season

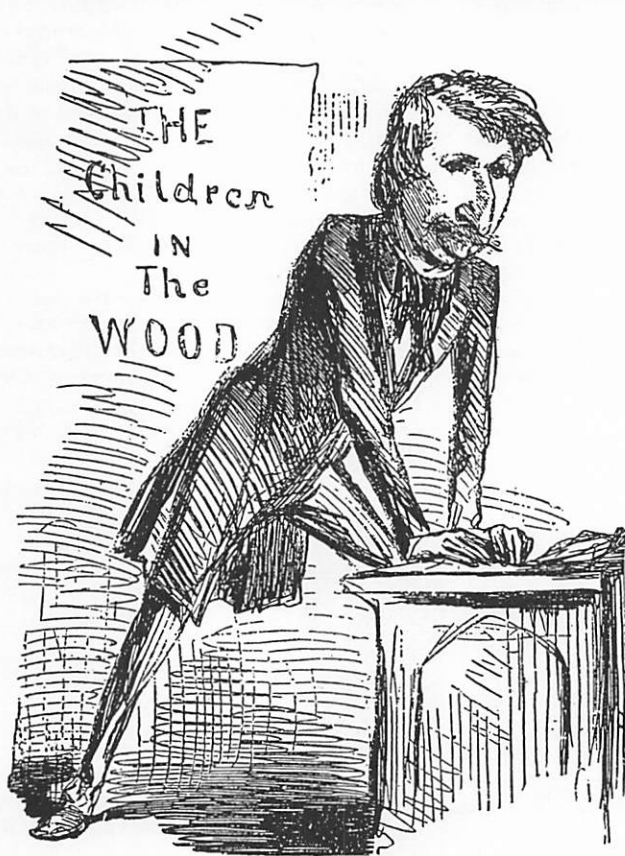
THE MISER—A new translation of Moliere's comic masterpiece. Nov. 7-11, Science Lecture Hall.

THE BELLE OF AMHERST—The heart, thoughts, dreams of Emily Dickinson, directed by Lewis Alessio, written by William Luce. Jan. 11-13, Science Lecture Hall.

THE RIMERS OF ELDRICH—A harrowing drama of violence and prejudice in a small midwestern town, written by Lanford Wilson. Feb. 27-Mar. 1, S.L.H.

BIRDS—An original musical comedy, book & lyrics by Nicholas Durso, music by Marc Jalbert. Premiere May 14-17, Hebron Gymnasium.

"Reader, you have heard of Oxford County, that is to be found in the northern part of that famous fabled county, Way down East, haven't you? Well, I first saw daylight there, and of course have a liking for everything thereabouts in general, huskings, doughnuts, and bouncing damsels in particular"



"... his hair, red and brushed well forward at the sides, reminded one of a divided flame. His nose rambled on aggressively before him..."

—Mark Twain

ARTEMUS WARD AS PUBLIC LECTURER
(Cartoon from *Vanity Fair*, May 24, 1862)

"Respectively yures, Artemus Ward"

by Dorsey Kleitz

These lines were penned by Artemus Ward, one of the 19th century's most beloved humorists and, as he says himself, a son of Oxford County.

Artemus Ward was born Charles Farrar Browne in Waterford on April 26, 1834. His family was solid New England, his parents were born in Waterford and their families were among the earliest settlers of the town.

Waterford in those days was a pleasant, if sleepy little stage stop on the route between Portland, Quebec and Montreal. At the small red school-house, "Charley" soon established himself as unofficial class orator and prankster. It is said that in order to get a day off from school, Charley and his classmates rounded up the village chickens and left them in the school-house overnight,

an escapade which ended with the students working for two days to clean out the building.

Later in 1849 Browne left home to go to Norway to work as a "printer's devil" on the four-page newspaper, the *Norway Advertiser* and to continue his faltering education at the Norway Liberal Institute. Although little time was spent on academics, he became known as an amusing speaker who drew good-sized crowds to the school's lyceum debates. Even at this early age Browne was already beginning to develop some of the techniques which would make him so successful as a humorous lecturer in later life: the exaggerated Maine drawl, the deadpan expression and the use of puns and plays on words.

At the newspaper Browne was getting his real education. Here he set type, wrote short articles, and mixed with the itinerant printers who were always passing through. In early 1850 the railroad arrived and connected South Paris with Portland and Boston, opening Norway up to the rest of the country. Living in a room behind the *Advertiser's* office, Browne was in an excellent position to observe and absorb the stimulating life of a growing backwoods center.

When the newspaper changed its name to the *Pine State News* and folded due to mismanagement, Browne knew it was time to move on. The Oxford County setting had become too confining for the restless young man and he was anxious to try his luck elsewhere.

His first major break came in Cleveland where he worked on the newspaper, *The Plain Dealer*. There he contributed humorous letters supposedly written by an illiterate Yankee who ran a traveling museum of wax figures, "snaiks and other critturs." These letters, signed with the *nom de plume* Artemus Ward were immensely popular and led to Browne's becoming city editor of the paper.

Artemus Ward's audience quickly grew and as it did, Browne's personality and Ward's personality became one. Browne said later that he found the name in an early town document in Waterford referring to the paying off of a debt by one "Artemus Ward." Perhaps this same old document was also the inspiration for one of Ward's famous one-liners, "In the midst of life we are in debt."

From Cleveland, Ward traveled to New York, where he continued his success, taking an editorial position with the comic weekly, *Vanity Fair*. Among his contributions to the journal was a fictitious interview with Abraham Lincoln which is said to have caused the President to burst into uproarious laughter. In fact, Lincoln was a great admirer of Artemus Ward's brand of wit and in 1863 when he presented the Emancipation Proclamation, he prefaced a public reading of it with quotes from Ward. By way of explanation, the President said that the slave problem had caused him such mental anguish that if he could not have laughed he would have died.

While at *Vanity Fair* Ward got the idea of giving humorous lectures, basically animating his written works with live performances. His first lectures, "The Children in the Wood," was an instant hit

"One of the features of my entertainment," Ward said, "is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it."

when he presented it in 1861. The title theme was never discussed by Ward and throughout the performance he made remarks to the effect that the topic was ill-chosen and was really too nebulous to deal with substantially. He amused his audience with a mixture of burlesque, absurdity, and anticlimax, all punctuated with sudden pauses and straight-faced delivery. "One of the features of my entertainment," Ward said, "is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it." Thus, part of his lecture was a discussion of etiquette which included this recipe for hair oil:

Take two kegs of hog's lard and boil to the consistency of mush. Stir in whiskey and musk. Bottle tight and apply when hot with a currycomb.

Never one to stay in one place too long, Ward decided to make a lecture tour of the West in 1863. He left for San Francisco where he met the short story writer Bret Harte, and he traveled to Virginia City, Nevada where he socialized with Mark Twain. Twain had not yet established his reputation and he learned from Ward the

technique of the comic discourse, a technique he eventually became a master of. Twain later wrote a piece on Ward facetiously describing his personal appearance as

*not like that of most Maine men;
He looked like a glove-stretcher;
his hair, red, and brushed well forward
at the sides, reminded one of a
divided flame. His nose rambled on
aggressively before him with all the
strength and determination of a cow-catcher,
while his red mustache,
to follow out the simile,
seemed not unlike the unfortunate cow.*

Following his western tour Ward found himself at virtually the pinnacle of success. He was tremendously popular throughout the United States, had been glowingly reviewed in all the major papers, and was sought after for performances. Hoping to spread his fame even farther, Ward sailed for England in June of 1866.

In London Artemus Ward was welcomed with open arms and was hailed by the press as a genius of American wit. He was quickly made a member of a literary club and was

employed as an editor for *Punch*, the internationally famous journal of humor. But the many social obligations and the damp climate took their toll on the humorist's health. Within a year of his arrival he became ill with tuberculosis and died at the age of 33. For a time his remains were interred in England but they now rest in Elm Vale Cemetery in Waterford.

Artemus Ward was more than simply a humorous writer and lecturer. He has been described as a man of genuine good humor, with intelligence, imagination, and a sense of morality. It was said that no death of a literary figure since Washington Irving caused such mourning. In his will Ward set aside money for his valet to study at Bridgton Academy and he stipulated that his personal library be given to the Waterford student with the highest honours that year.

The importance of Ward in the development of American humor is great. He was one of the first native humorists to make successful use of the comic lecture, to support himself by relying solely on his ability to make people laugh and to popularize the dry Yankee sense of humor, a humor well exhibited in this short bit of drollery by Ward:

Uncle Simon he
Clum up a tree
And looked around to see what he could see
When present-lee
Uncle Jim
Clum up beside of him
And squatted down by he.

Further, he was an early master of what he called "ingrammaticisms" and cacography (humorous misspellings) of which an example of the latter can be found in Ward's often used and well-known closing, "Respectively yures, Artemus Ward." □



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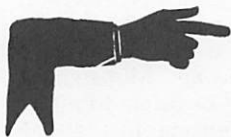
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16 Baltimore 2:00 p.m.	17 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	18 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	19 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	20 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	21 Detroit 7:30 p.m.	22 Detroit 2:00 p.m.
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30 Detroit 1:30 p.m.						

(DH) — Double Header

Works by Artemus Ward for further reading:

Artemus Ward, *His Book* (1862)
Artemus Ward, *His Travels* (1865)
Artemus Ward in London (1869)
Artemus Ward's Lectures (1869)
Artemus Ward: *His Works Complete*
(1875, 1890, 1910)

The Norway Library has a copy of the last work noted in its Maine room.



You Placed It!



Last month's **Can You Place It?** was identified quickly as the old Dudley store in Bryant Pond. People seemed to be delighted by the prospect of that ancient photograph, submitted by Mr. Thurber of Oxford, who deals in old postcards and antique objects.

Dorothea Hooper wrote from the Norway Nursing Home to say that she remembered the store from when she was a little girl. Hazel Tard, Freeport said she used to think the "whole world" went Christmas shopping in Bryant Pond.

Robert Crockett, Bryant Pond, told us that he was born in the upstairs rent of the store in 1891. We also heard from Shirley (Brown) Washburn, Kittery; Pauline Kennison, Norway; Basil Sequin, R. H. Billings and Ruby Emery, Bryant Pond.

Mrs. Beryl Young Starbird believes that one of the men in the photograph was her father—a musician in Bryant Pond. Margaret Sicotte wrote that the man in the vest and white shirt is probably Mr. Carl Dudley, son of Ansel Dudley (both men ran the store). We also heard from Ramona Lowe, Bethel, who was a great-niece by marriage of Carl Dudley, and from Charlotte Douglass York, Stratton; and Mary Emmons, Bryant Pond.

Steve Seames, an historian for Greenwood area, researched the photo of the public square in Bryant Pond and sent his information from Locke Mills:

In my search I was able to find a little written information on the buildings...the property was once owned by a Mr. Jewell. From this clue I went to the

"History of Woodstock" by Lapham and found that Ezra Jewell did indeed own and operate a store in Bryant Pond Village, and that the store was later owned by the following: ...'Jewell and Sawyer, D. M. Jacobs, D. P. Bowker, Thomas R. Day, and Ansel Dudley.'

Ezra Jewell was the first Post Master in the Village of Bryant Pond (in 1851)...who kept the Post Office at the old Yellow Store where he traded at the corner.

Ansel Dudley enlarged the store after the Post Office was moved (sometime between 1851 and 1889). The first telephone service in Bryant Pond was also in the small building (c. 1890). It went bankrupt around 1910. In 1918, New England Tel. & Tel. installed a switchboard in the Dudley Store, the small building having been moved to Church street, and the "cornerhouse" having been sold to a William Andrews in 1915 for \$725.00

Mr. Seames would be interested to hear from other readers about this. One of those he should confer with is Richard Fraser, Bryant Pond, who brought us the most definitive analysis: *The little building was the telephone office owned by Doc Heath and it is his Maxwell car sitting outside. The car is a 1908, 09, or 10, I'm not sure which...The Dudley store was owned by Ansel Dudley (Carl's father); Carl and Abby Dudley were married on Jan., 1908. Before that the stairs went up from the front of the building, but were changed to the way the picture shows after they were married so there would be more privacy to the living quarters entrance.*

All of this comes as a surprise—the old postcard came to us labelled "Paris Hill!" □

Bethel's C. D. Howe

by Stanley Russell Howe

The recent dedication of a \$44,000, eleven-story office building and shopping mall in Ottawa, Canada, to the memory of Clarence Decatur Howe honors a man who spent the summers of his formative years on his grandfather's Maine farm and retained a lifelong interest in the town of Bethel. Howe, who served twenty-two years in the Canadian federal cabinet, was one of the great figures of modern Canadian development.

Born in Waltham, Massachusetts, the son of a couple who were natives of Bethel, he graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1908 and went to Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia to teach civil engineering. Thus began his life in Canada.

After leaving a promising academic career in 1913, he worked briefly for the

government before founding his engineering firm based at Port Arthur, Ontario. A millionaire at forty, he ran for Parliament in 1935 and won. Immediately, he was invited to become Minister of Transport in the cabinet of Prime Minister William Lyon MacKenzie King. In 1940, he was promoted to Canada's Minister of Munitions and Supply, ensuring that the Allies would have vital commodities in the fight against the Axis.

His outstanding service during World War II was recognized with an honorary doctorate from Harvard University as well as one from his alma mater. Membership was also accorded to him on the United States Privy Council. Later he was honored with both the Hoover and Guggenheim medals—the first Canadian to achieve this distinction.

In 1948 he became Minister of Trade and Commerce and with the change in Liberal Party leadership, the deputy of Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. During the Korean Conflict in 1950, he added the

Family gathering at the Bethel homestead of John D. Hastings, about 1895. First row, left to right: John Hastings Howe (cousin, 1891-1943), C. D. Howe (1886-1960), Agnes Howe Bettinger (1889-1978). Second row: Agnes Hastings Howe (aunt, 1859-1896), John D. Hastings (grandfather, 1825-1904), Emma Kimball Hastings (aunt, 1825-1896), Mary Hastings Howe (mother, 1855-1918). Third row: Mary Fifield Hastings (aunt, 1879-1926), and George Kimball Hastings (uncle, 1863-1944)



ministry of Defence Production to his already great responsibilities. When the Liberal party was defeated in 1957, he retired to Montreal to continue his business interests, and died there in 1960.

Throughout his long career and association with world leaders, including Churchill and Eisenhower, Bethel retained a special place in his affections as it had for his parents, who chose to be buried there after spending their adult years in Massachusetts. In 1959, following a visit, he recorded that it was a "real treat" to visit relatives and renew his "numerous memories of Bethel." Even at the height of World War II, upon hearing of the accidental drowning deaths of two cousins, he returned to Bethel to offer his condolences and to assist their widows.

The Bethel with which C. D. Howe came to be familiar was that portion in the eastern part of the town, then an important farming area and home for generations of his family. Much sweet corn and other field crops were raised on the broad intervals of the Androscoggin River Valley and the less fertile uplands. His grandfather's farm was of average size with a white frame house that had been enlarged following the Civil War and was connected to a large red barn through a long shed.

Lumbering was the winter occupation of Howe's grandfather and his neighbors, while farming occupied them in the more temperate months. There existed little hard cash during this era and bartering (eggs and butter, for example) remained a means of acquiring the deficiencies of these largely self-sufficient farms. Peddling farm products in cities and towns was also a way of increasing income and Howe apparently learned his lessons well from his grandfather for he was later known while Minister of Trade and Commerce as Canada's best salesman abroad.

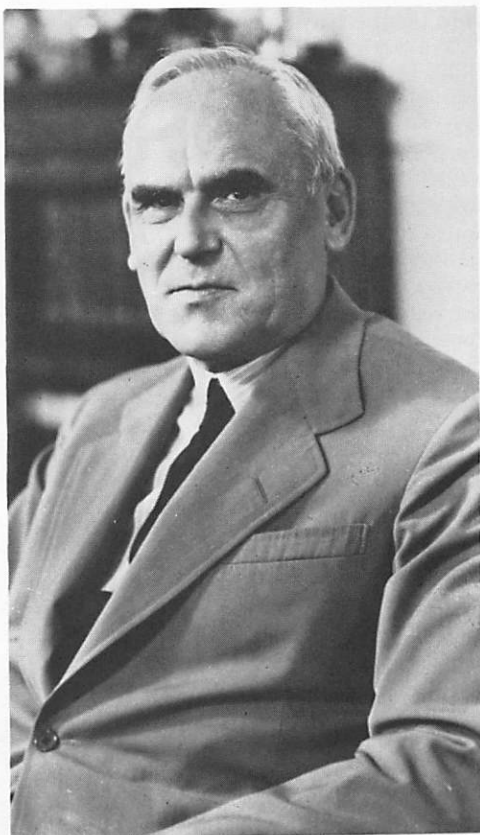
Howe gained from his farm experience a certain practical approach to problems that would characterize his entire career. Speaking in the House of Commons on one occasion, he summed up his early experience: "I spent a good part of my early years on the farm, and I know a great topic of conversation among my elders was what they should plant this year, what seemed to have the best prospect of success."

C. D. Howe about 1950 at the height of his political powers as Canada's Minister of Trade & Commerce

Howe's grandfather Hastings was a blacksmith who could do everything on the farm, including the cutting of hair. His wife, the former Emma Kimball, was especially known for her exceptional pies. Their son George took over the farm after his father's death in 1904. Howe's only surviving cousin, Robert Decatur Hastings, is the third generation to occupy the premises since the day of their grandfather, John Decatur Hastings.

During all these years, Clarence Decatur Howe returned whenever possible to visit his American relatives and did not hesitate to help with the farm work. Despite the changes time brought to the farm, it always proved to be a favorite visitation. He had adopted Canada and served his adopted nation long and faithfully, but Bethel helped provide him with his "roots" and sense of place. □

Stanley Russell Howe, Director of the Bethel Historical Society and a Town Selectman, holds a Ph.D. in Canadian Studies.



Recollections

THE DAY THE CYCLONE STRUCK

They were such good years, being the grandson of two gentle, keen-minded grandparents. I never lacked for theme or report material. It was always there to be shared. The following is part of a report prepared for Mr. Jack French's General Science Class at Buckfield High School in 1951. My grandmother, Etta Keene Winslow, leaned forward in her wheelchair and together we recorded the cyclone of 1892.

"It came between two and four in the afternoon of July two, eighteen-ninety-two. I was twenty at the time. We heard a roaring sound and, thinking it was a shower, we ran outside to watch it lighten. A very tall column of dust and leaves and sticks was slowly moving down Woodbury Hill. Right in its path was the Bessey barn (Emory Ackley owns the place now). In a matter of minutes the barn was flattened.

"We watched as it cut a road through Hollis Hall's alder swamp. Then it seemed to split. A section of it blew away but the big part, still dark and whirling, headed for Herman Morse's place. We could see it as it picked his barn straight up and slammed it down, breaking it to bits and turning the house upside down. The tall funnel moved across swamp and hillside to Virgil Bicknell's (now Paul and Nancy Bennett's). We could not see his place from the old farm but we knew the barn had been hit as boards and shingles and windows were pulled right up into the twister...we could see it happen.

"It continued over the hill to Heald's Mills now known as North Buckfield Village. I damaged Sidney Swallow's barn (now owned by Roger Lincoln) and pulled a baby carriage off the porch; crossed the river not far from the bridge; dropped the carriage in the woods and headed over the hill in the direction of Hartford."

The people of North Buckfield reacted to the cyclone calmly. It is said that from High Street it looked like a big flock of birds flying north from south.

According to our much-loved family matriarch, Leola Keene, a team of horses survived the destruction of one of the barns and the animals were seen out eating grass a few minutes after the wind died down. And two North Buckfield hens are said to have been "set down" in Hartford—a bit confused, perhaps, and stripped of all their feathers. But that was nothing compared to what happened at the Morse's.

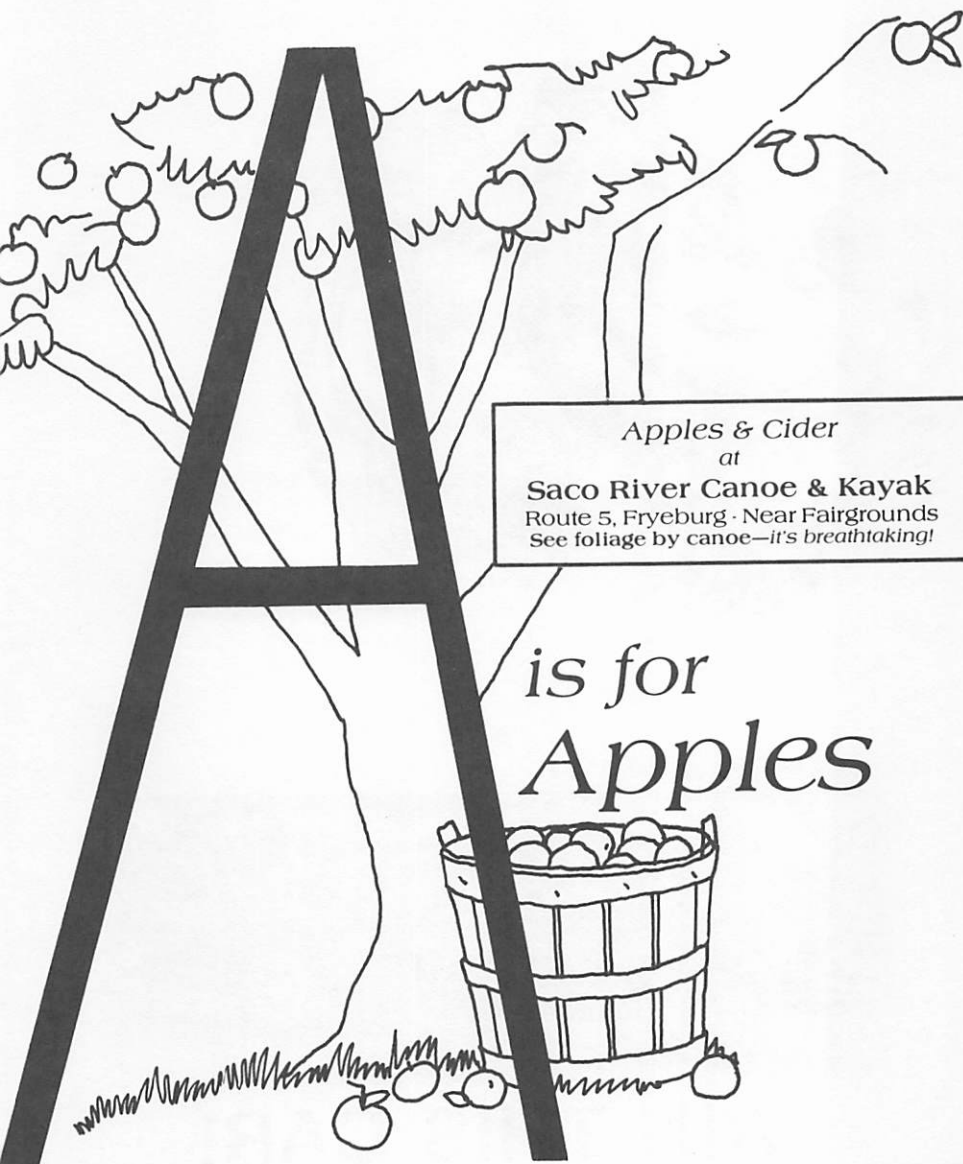
After chores the neighbors all turned out to see the damage. Bessey's barn, flat! Many trees uprooted. Bicknell's barn gone; Herman Morse's barn flat and his house upside down. Mrs. Morse, Herman's wife, was expecting a baby, so his mother was knitting baby clothes all hours of the day and night. Upon examination of the house, it is said old Mrs. Morse was found, sitting in her chair and still knitting to beat the band. So, in the words of Aunt Leola, "Guess it didn't upset her...much." My great-grandfather,

Cal Keene, bought what was left of the shed and kitchen at the Morse place and moved it up the hill to the old farm (still the Keene Homestead) where to this very day the old times are still lived in the friendly kitchen and a gingerbread clock up on the shelf calmly records the moments as folks remember other hours, other years. □

Dave Field
Buckfield

Morse's house, after the cyclone





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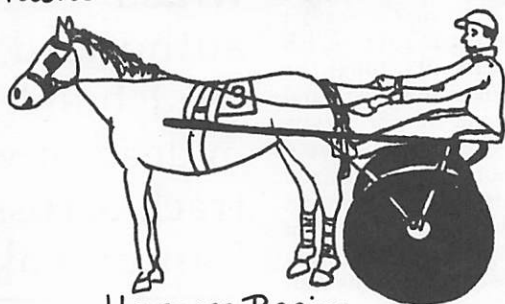
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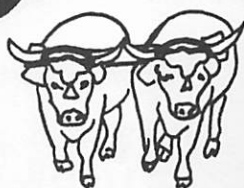


Horse Show

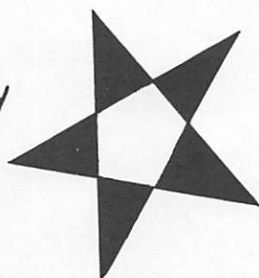
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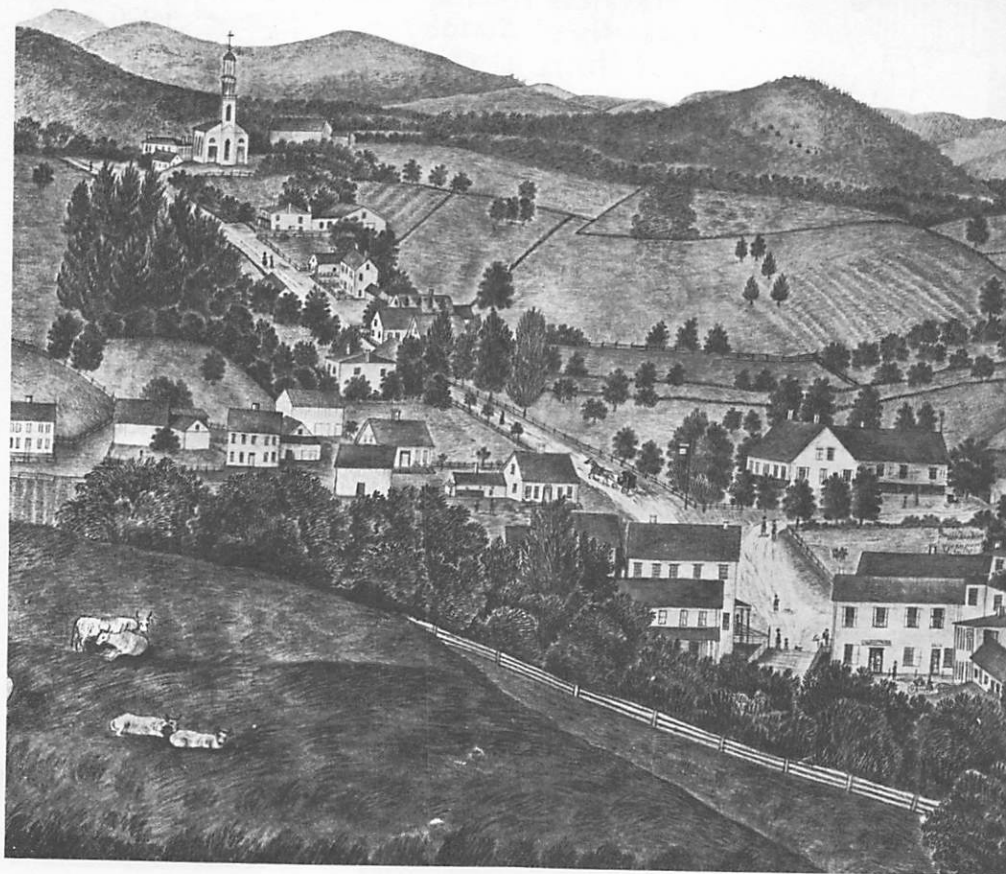
ROUTE 5 FRYEBURG, MAINE

The Railroad Built On Ice

by Raymond Atwood

In this age of air travel and television, it is hard to imagine the hunger for a tie to the outside world that must have motivated our ancestors. From colonial times right up to about 1840 the only means of transporting goods to and from the outside was by pack horse travelling over trails from the nearest seaport. Later, primitive wagon roads which consisted mostly of two ruts cut through the wilderness, with fords over the rivers and brooks, hub-deep in mud in the springtime and closed by snowdrifts in the winter, were the only means of bringing in supplies and taking out finished goods. So, the invention of the steam engine hauling freight and passengers over smooth steel rails was almost a revolution. The coming of the iron

In a desperate attempt to get the \$30,000 which Canton had authorized, the railroad builder actually, in dead of winter, laid track across the ice of Canton Lake.





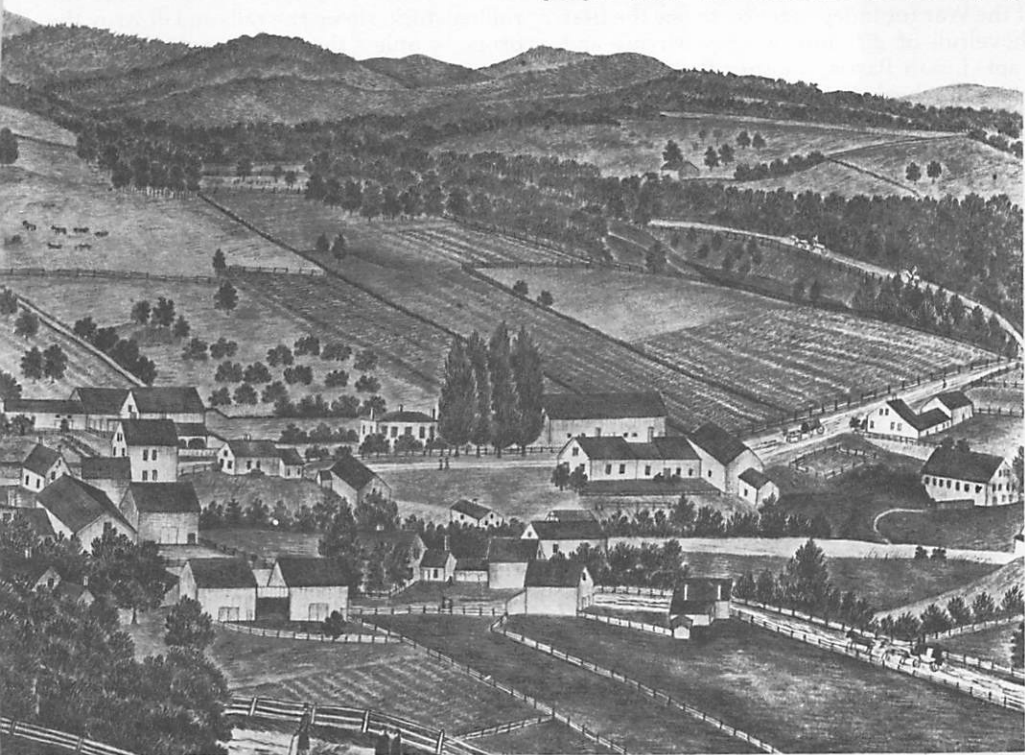
horse was an exciting development all over our country. The Federal government voted to give the western railroads "one mile of land on each side of the right-of-way." The whole country went wild over the coming of the "steam age." And our Oxford County towns did not escape the excitement of the times.

The proposal to connect Montreal, Canada with Portland, Maine by rail caused great excitement all through this section of Oxford County and each town wanted desperately to be directly on the "right-of-way" of the proposed road. In 1835 leading businessmen of towns along the Androscoggin Valley met in Buckfield to try to secure the route of the new railroad through their section of the county. Nothing, however, came of this first attempt as the

chartering of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Co. had already been decided upon. It was to go via South Paris, the present route of the Grand Trunk (now Canadian National) line.

However, Buckfield people did not give up and a meeting was held to make a survey for a proposed new road to connect with Mechanic Falls and go on through Buckfield to Canton Point where it was proposed to connect with a steamboat which would navigate the Androscoggin River up to the foot of the Falls at Rumford. It is hard to understand how practical businessmen could have thought that this idea was feasible, but the boat itself was actually built, as will be seen later in this article.

The actual building of all the railroads seems to have been put in the hands of a group of very sharp (and perhaps not too honest) contractors from New York. These people were not unaware of the crying



"hunger" of each small town to be included on the right-of-way, and they were quite ruthless in demanding guarantees which pledged the credit of the towns while also inviting local people to invest in their stock. All this was done before any actual construction was started. Towns all along the road rushed to provide the bond issues and people stood in line waiting to exchange their money for stock certificates.

And so began the history of the "Buckfield Branch Railroad." Hon. Virgil D. Parris took the lead in the enterprise and in July of 1847 he and 36 others, mostly citizens of Buckfield, obtained a charter to build the road from Mechanic Falls to Buckfield immediately, with plans to extend it to Canton Point at a later date.

And so, as quoted from *The History of Buckfield*, in October of 1848 "a great concourse of people from Buckfield and adjoining towns met at Buckfield where ground was broken for the road, sufficient stock having been subscribed. Rev. Nathaniel Chase, the first settled minister in the town and a soldier of the American Revolution, invoked the Divine blessing. Jonathan Record, 93 years old, also a soldier of the War for Independence, threw the first shovelfull of dirt into a wheelbarrow and Capt. Josiah Parris, another Revolutionary veteran, wheeled it away."

Work was begun at once. The year 1849 was one of great activity. A station or depot was built and an engine house erected, and before the end of the year the rails were laid to Mechanic Falls. This was the junction point with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence which at that time had been completed as far as South Paris.

In January of 1850 the first train hauled by

the locomotive named "Pathfinder" arrived at Buckfield Village amid the booming of cannon. Two more engines were added to the rolling stock—named the "V. D. Parris" and the "Buckfield." In 1850 there were 122 Buckfield stockholders in the company. The coming of the railroad stimulated the growth and population of the town greatly. However, sad to relate, the building and equipping of the road had proved to be an expensive affair. In 1849 the entire railroad was mortgaged to one Francis O. J. Smith, a New York builder and operator of small railroads. The original mortgage was for \$35,000 but unpaid interest soon brought the total up to \$40,000. At this point, Mr. Smith foreclosed the mortgage and took possession of the property.

By law, the stockholders could be assessed for double the original amount of their stock and Smith tried to collect his money by this method. Thus the original investment became worthless, and the loss was a shattering blow to many individuals. The people of Buckfield sank over \$50,000 in the road. Many lost their entire fortunes.

For the next few years the road was shut down. Smith threatened to take away the rolling stock, rip up the rails and destroy the property unless the towns would raise more money. However, "hope springs eternal in the human breast" and in 1852 new money was raised and construction started to extend the road to Canton Point. Canton, Hartford, and Sumner all approved bond issues to a total of 50,000. The work of grading the new roadbed was begun and in 1853 the Androscoggin Navigation Company was incorporated. A steamboat was actually built at Canton point but it soon became evident that the shoals of the river made navigating it impossible, and the boat was left to decay where it was built.

Apparently, the financial status of the road was rapidly getting worse and Smith, whose business judgement does not appear to have been very good, announced in 1856 that he had lost upwards of \$12,000 per year and that "after the 10th day of October next, he would suspend all operations unless more money was raised by the interested towns." And true to his promise, by foreclosure of his mortgage, the road was closed down entirely.

However, in 1857 a new corporation was formed under the name of "The Portland and Oxford County Central Railroad" whose



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Photo by Bill Haynes

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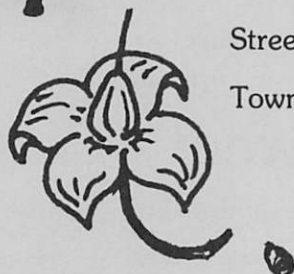
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charter gave it the right to continue to the road to Canton Point. While this was "new" management, apparently the destinies of the road were still in Smith's hands and in 1860 he submitted plans to the town for again putting the road in operation and continuing it on to Canton Point. To do this he asked for pledges from the interested towns of \$50,000. So anxious were the local people to see the road completed that several towns did authorize by vote in town meetings the pledging of their credit. The road was repaired to permit service at a low rate of speed to Buckfield and later to East Sumner where there was a stage connection for Canton.

The town of Canton had voted some \$30,000 contingent upon the road being completed and a train actually running to Canton by a certain date. But the free and easy management of the Smith family was rapidly producing the inevitable result—bankruptcy.

In a desperate attempt to get possession of the \$30,000 which Canton had authorized, Smith pulled off a trick which is hard to believe. He actually, during the dead of winter, laid track across the frozen ice of Canton Lake and ran a train to the head of the lake at Canton Village. He then started legal action to demand the payment of the \$30,000 from the town.

Fortunately the courts decided in favor of the town and when the warm sun of Spring arrived the improvised track disappeared. No further trains were operated to Canton by Mr. Smith, who at this point disappeared from the local scene himself. The whole history of the Portland & Oxford Central Railroad (as the town history expresses it) "presents a record of mismanagement, incompetence, disregard of pledges, and reckless indifference to public and private rights almost without parallel."

It was not until 1874 that a charter for a new railroad was obtained from the legislature. It was some time, however, before funds could be raised to repair the road, bridges and stations, and to procure rolling stock. Finally, in 1878, the first train under the new management was run over the road and from then on it continued uninterrupted until it was abandoned only a few years ago. As the Buckfield town history said in 1915, "With the extension to Rumford Falls where a great paper industry has sprung up and large manufacturing

interests have been developed, and further extensions to Oquossoc in the Rangeley region, the road has largely expanded and is a source of great profit to the Maine Central Railroad System which now operates it!" *O tempora, O mores* (How the mighty have fallen!)

Traces of the old roadbed can be seen all the way from Oquossoc to Danville Junction. The CCC built a highway during the 1929 depression on the old roadbed from Oquossoc to Rumford. The old station at West Minot still stands and I remember well the crowds of boys and girls gathered there as Hebron Academy vacations began or ended. My aunt, Mrs. Frank Owen of Dixfield, now dead for several years, rode on the first train to run from Dixfield to Rumford, and again on the last train when passenger service was discontinued.

Maybe, just maybe, when we run completely out of gas for our autos and trucks, we shall again hear the plaintive wail of the locomotives swinging around the curves along the Androscoggin River.

Raymond Atwood
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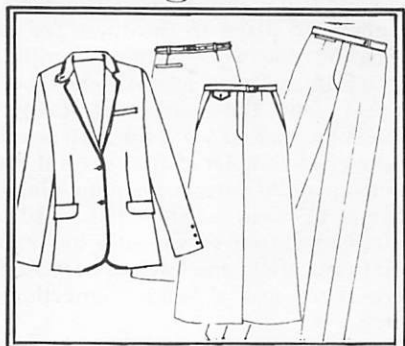
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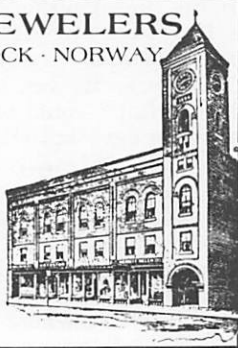
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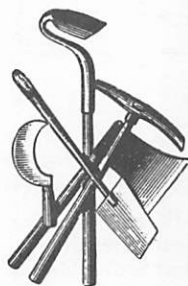
TALLY'S

FALL'S HARBINGERS

The firethorn and mountain ash
Hang their berries out for show,
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With a pumpkin-orange glow.
Tempting friend and stranger
Alike, to taste their wares,
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T. Jewell Collins
North Waterford

You don't
say



Keep A Hoe Handy

The late Flora Abbott of South Waterford, who is still remembered for her witty and irreverent columns in the *Advertiser-Democrat* during the middle of this century, had this to say "To The Folks Away And At Home":

"I cut the following heading off a Boston Post when I was selling them in the post office, thinking I would say a few words about it sometime. Now I want to get it off my chest and leave one less thing to my heirs, so here goes: 'What we get out of a garden depends on how much good hard digging we have done. The same applies to life.'

"And along with that is another quote I have saved, 'Pray for a good harvest and keep on hoeing'...I cannot think of anything in life or in a garden that is worthwhile that comes without a lot of good hard work, and in trying to eradicate the weeds as we go along. Always the weeds seem the stronger and the more determined to survive, cropping up in the most aggravating fashion in the most unlikely places, thereby crowding out good beautiful flowers and noble intentions.

"Goodness! I feel as if I were preaching a sermon and I'm going to get out of here, and fast, and leave it for you to think out for yourselves, with the admonition to keep your hoe handy (mine is on the piazza most of the time), even so the weeds get ahead of me...Sometimes, the very worst fault of all is in thinking you don't need to use a hoe, that no weed would have the temerity to come near you. It may be exemplary to 'keep yourself unspotted from the world,' but are you doing anything for that world while you stand aloof?"

Goings On

SPECIALS

OXFORD COUNTY FAIR: Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, at the Fairgrounds, off Route 26 (behind Oxford Plaza), Oxford.

WORKSHOPS: Sponsored by Tri-County Mental Health Services. Fee \$2.00 each. Contact Kathy Mills at 783-9141 for more information. Sept. 5: Self-Fulfillment and the Mentally Retarded Adult; Sept. 12: Dealing With Loss; Weds., 7 p.m., Multi-Purpose Center, 145 Birch St., Lewiston. Becoming Single Again—Workshops for the Separated and Divorced, Mondays, 7-9 p.m., Multi-Purpose Center, Lewiston. Sept. 10: Where Do We Go From Here?; Sept. 17: Perspectives on Dating, Sex, and the Divorced Person; Sept. 24: Parenting as a Single Person; Oct. 1: Evaluation & Party.

LIBRARIES:

BEAR MT. LIBRARY: So. Waterford

BRIDGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY: Mon. 10-noon, 1-5; Tues., Weds., Thurs. 1-5, 7-9; Fri. & Sat. 1-5.

CASWELL LIBRARY: Harrison

HAMLIN MEMORIAL LIBRARY: Paris Hill, Tues.-Sat. 10-4 (summer). Weds. 3-5; Fri. 9-2; Sat. 3-5; Tues. 7-9 (winter).

FREELAND HOLMES LIBRARY: Oxford

ZADOC LONG FREE LIBRARY: Buckfield

NORWAY MEMORIAL LIBRARY: Mon.-Sat. 12-5; Weds. 12-8.

PARIS PUBLIC LIBRARY: South Paris, Mon., Weds. 1-5; Tues. 1-5, 7-9; Thurs. 10-5, 7-9; Fri. 1-5; Sat. 10-12; 1-4.

WATERFORD LIBRARY, Waterford

ETC.:

FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: Natural foods, books & literature. A member-run store, visitors welcome. High Street, South Paris, Me. New hrs.: Thurs. 2-8; Fri. 10-5; Sat. 10-5.

BARBER SHOP SINGING: The Hillsmen Chorus, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. meet every Thurs. at 7:30 p.m., Second Congregational Church, Norway. Guests welcome.

HOME BIRTH STUDY GROUP: West Paris, Thurs. evenings, 7-9 p.m. Exploring alternatives to hospital birth. Tel. 674-2478 for information.

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS & ALANON: Second Congregational Church, Norway, every Mon., 8 p.m.



CHILDREN

STORY HOUR: Welfare Center, Whitman St., Norway, every Sat. 3 p.m. Stories, singing, crafts. Public invited.

CHILDREN'S MUSEUM: Fort Williams Park, Cape Elizabeth. Open Thurs. noon-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. noon-4 p.m. 75¢. Groups by reservation (25¢ ea.) Children must be accompanied by an adult.

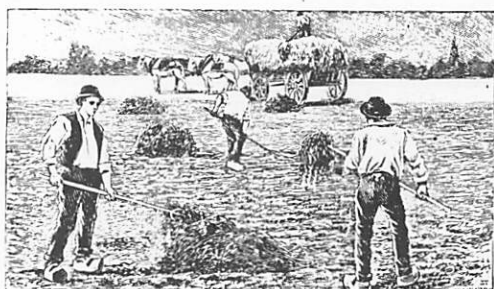
CHILDREN'S RESOURCE CENTER: Odds & ends & miscellaneous things for sale, for children's projects. Tues.-Thurs. noon-5 p.m., Sat. & Sun. noon-4 p.m. Fort Williams Park, Cape Elizabeth.

SPORTS

HORSESHOE CLUB: Every Mon., 6:30 p.m., Oxford County Fairgrounds. Everyone welcome.

NORWAY-PARIS FISH & GAME: Every third Thurs. of the month, South Paris Fire Hall, 6:30 p.m. Supper.

LAKE THOMPSON FISH & GAME: First Thurs. of every month, Oxford Legion Hall, 6:30 p.m. Supper.



OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS: Norway Nursing Home, Marion Ave., Norway, every Tues., 7 p.m. (For Bethel info. call 743-6031 or 674-2329)

TOPS: (Take Off Pounds Sensibly) meets every Mon. at 7 p.m., Christ Episcopal Church basement on Paris St., Norway.

BLOOD PRESSURE SCREENING: last Sun. of every month, Community Center, cor. Pearl & Whitman St., Norway, sponsored by Seventh Day Adventist Church, for ages 15 & up. Free.

SOUTHERN OXFORD COUNTY ASSOC. FOR RETARDED CITIZENS: First Tues. of every month, Progress Center, 17 Skillings Ave., South Paris, 7:30 p.m.

SOLAR CONSULTING: Free every Friday (Bring your own plans & ideas), Northeast Carry Trading Co., 110 Water St., Hallowell. Tel. (207) 623-1667.

BitterSweet will be happy to print listings of the events of your organization, church or school. Please send information to P. O. Box 178, Oxford, Me. 04270, Attn. Nancy Marcotte at least a month prior to publication date. There is no charge.

You don't say

My seventeen-year old grandson, Jan, a visitor from Holland, was jokingly debating with my American granddaughter, Janet, ten, the relative merits of their two countries.

"America is bigger than Holland," said Janet.

"Yes, it's bigger, but not better," said Jan. "You should see our farms and our wonderful cows. They are better than in America."

"No, they're not," said Janet, the perfect chauvinist. "American cows are better."

"Just wait 'til you visit me in Holland," said Jan, "and I'll make you drink that good Dutch milk, and then you'll see."

"I'll throw it up!" declared Janet.

*John E. Hankins
Oxford*

The Oxgoad Willow, South Hiram, Maine, grew from a stick pushed into the ground by a farmer.

*Gertrude Douglass
West Baldwin*

Can You Place It?





Sweet Finds

WOOD STOVE SAFETY

A bulletin put out by the Research and Public Services department at the University of Maine at Orono is a Sweet Find at this time of year, when folks are beginning to think about firing up wood stoves for heat.

Safe installation is something to be aware of before you ever start. There are two keys to the safe installation of a wood stove: clearance and ventilation. The National Fire Protection Standard recommends the following clearances for free-standing stoves: For room heaters and cookstoves with unlined firepots, the recommended distance is 36 inches minimum clearance on all sides, top, and bottom. A unit heater can have clearances of 18" on top, back and sides, but must have 48" from the front to any combustible surface. For cookstoves with a clay-lined firepot, minimum standards dictate 30" from the top, 24" from the back and the firing side, and 18" from the opposite side.

If these standards cannot be met, a radiation shield should be placed between the wall and a combustible surface, with free circulation between the shield and the wall a must to avoid building up heat against the wall. Never install wood stoves in closets or alcoves.

Before operating your wood stove, you should have your chimney cleaned to remove the creosote build-up that results when the gases and tars that are given off by wood at its combustion point accumulate on the chimney. To prevent any further creosote build-up, you should always build a fire of seasoned wood only. Placing green or wet wood on top of seasoned wood to burn is not good planning—the inflammable materials from the wet wood will rise up the chimney.

A second damper is a good idea to keep creosote from building up in the chimney. It also prevents additional air from entering the chimney to feed a chimney fire once it starts.

A cylinder shield three times the diameter of the stove pipe is a must if the pipe must pass through a combustible interior wall. A 24" gauge steel plate or some other material impervious to fire should make up the hearth or stove pad beneath your wood stove. 2" of sand in the bottom of the stove is wise, and so is keeping a bucket of sand on hand beside the stove. A fire extinguisher nearby is also prudent.

Wood can be a useful way of keeping warm and saving money during the coming winter of high oil prices and low oil availability. It can augment any heating system you may have, because here, at least, wood is a plentiful, renewable resource. But if you don't take the time to install your wood burning stove safely, it may be a costly mistake. □



IT'S FAIR TIME!

**OXFORD COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
FAIR**

September 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15
134th Exhibition

SUNDAY: Horseshoe Tournament, Old-Time
Fiddler's Contest

MONDAY: Free Gate, Oxford Sesquicentennial Program

TUESDAY: Woodsman's Field Day, Miss Oxford County
Beauty Pageant

WEDNESDAY: Tractor Pulling, Elton Record Show

THURSDAY: Children's Day, 4-H Lambs, Rock Group
"Horizon"

FRIDAY: Senior Citizen's Day

SATURDAY: Evening Show: Ira Allen & Mollie Bee

Admissions: Sun./Tues./Weds.: Adults \$2.00; Children 6-15 \$.50; 5 & Under Free
Mon.: Free Gate. Thurs.: Children's Day; Adults \$2.00; Children 15 & Under Free
Fri.: Senior Citizens' Day; 65 & Over Free; Adults \$2.50; Children 6-15 \$.50;
5 & Under Free. Sat.: 4-H Day; Adults \$2.50; Children 6-15 \$.50; 5 & Under Free

Billy Burr's Fun-o-Rama

Route 26

Oxford, Maine

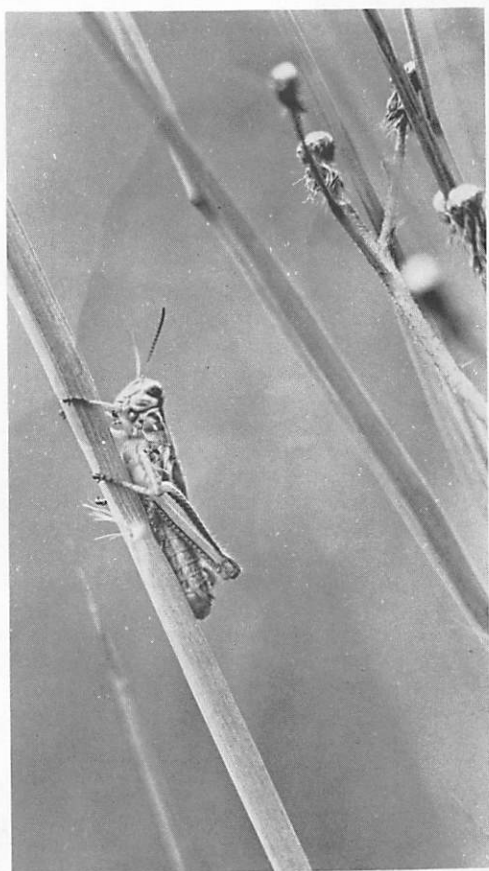


Insects



Photos by Tom Stockwell

All insects were shot in their natural habitat—the open field



Recollections

Maine Is Forever

by Inez Farrington

PART IX : SEPTEMBER

Summer people who leave Maine the last of August miss one of our best months, for old diaries seem to record some of the happiest days for Maine people in September. It may be our last nice month so we make the best of it and crowd more into these thirty days than would seem possible. The month has everything to make it enjoyable. There are warm bright days with a haze lingering over the mountains—the smoke from Indian campfires return to haunt us, especially over our own little lake where red men once reigned. The first frost brings a spot of color to an occasional tree or tiny blueberry bush which would put any artist except Mother Nature to shame. This is a month when we select for our picnics a high hill where one can look off for miles into colors that make one dizzy. It is a nostalgic month, too, for we know our summer and our picnics will be over for eight months at least; and we dread the thought of being shut in the house so long with the cold dark days ahead. It is the month when the rugs and porch at the cottage are usually clean, for I linger out in the warm air and watch the shadows from old Albany and Speckle play over the lake—a lake like a mirror with every camp and tree reflected in it. Sounds carry so plainly I can hear the children across the lake chatter as they have a last swim, or the bark of a fox up on the mountain side. I try to impress this day on my mind to last all winter; and I feel lazy and as though nothing matters but this sunshine, so soon to vanish in snow clouds. I wish, "If this could only last," but I know it will not. Like happiness, September days are hard to grasp. They slip away, leaving only memories to last until they come again.

This month brings also the menace of forest fires, a fear shared by all and especially in rural districts where there are no fire

departments. Grass fires are common in spring when folks seem unable to overcome the urge to burn dry leaves, but they are not as dangerous, for the ground is damp. A fire in the fall however, especially after dry July and August, becomes a serious matter. Maine's destroying fires of recent times have taught the state much, but at a costly price. Small towns now have better fire fighting equipment and the state has done its share in helping to keep Maine green. Each town has a fire warden and there are look-out towers on all mountains to check on the first sign of smoke.

Bar Harbor, Brownfield, and all the other towns which suffered heavy fire losses (in 1947) were shown in news reels and in magazines, but they were only news facts to those who did not live near one of these towns. It was a time of terror, sleepless nights and worry to us who lived there or near by. Fires at Kennebunk and Bar Harbor were interesting and sorrowful news to us, but when word came of a raging fire at Fryeburg, the news took on a more personal nature. Still we did not worry too much, for Fryeburg is nineteen miles away. Now that we know and realize just what these fires mean we marvel at our lack of attention to them. Maine has always had forest fires and we accepted these as just an ordinary event. As days passed, more and more fires broke out. Alfred, Saco, and Bar Harbor had news reporters broadcasting from the scene. Smoke drifted in more each day and we followed the fires closely by radio, wondering once in a while what was happening at Fryeburg. Finally, when the National Guard was called and fire fighters left from our own town, we woke up to the fact that we had a nice bonfire in our own back yard. Days grew dark with smoke and it was difficult to breathe; nights found the skies red-rimmed by flames.

Road patrols were put on in every town, the women serving with their husbands if there were no children to be left at home alone. Rumors spread of fire bugs, of German spies, and Russians. Porch lights blazed all night and yards were lighted with bulbs strung from trees or posts. The patrol was not comfortable for a timid soul like me. We drew the one-to-three in the morning shift, the dark lonesome hours before dawn. Knowing I had to be up at one o'clock I did not go to bed but listened to the horrors of



the fires all over the state, working myself up to a fine nervous condition. The "going-off" crew called the "going on" one and as we went out we knew it was up to us to watch for suspicious cars or any blaze and to report it. Cars with out-of-state number plates were closely checked. I never knew why and I doubt if the officials did. Our patrol was over seven miles of back country road—lonely and smoky with the light from distant fires lighting our way. Our travels were never disturbed by anything more terrifying than a beautiful doe standing in the middle of the road looking at us in astonishment, but it was a warm, cheerful feeling to return to the small store which ladies kept open all night, serving coffee and sandwiches to the patrol.

Days dragged on and one hundred and fifty fires were burning in the state. On October twenty-second the entire town of Brownfield was destroyed by the fire that had raged unchecked from Fryeburg. Those who did not visit the place afterward cannot picture the desolation: these were our friends and at last we realized the seriousness of the situation. Our town, along with every town that could, joined in a relief program. Each family donated food supplies, furniture, clothing, and Maine homes were opened for the homeless victims. The courageous town adopted as their slogan, "There'll always be a Brownfield" and today a new Brownfield is almost completed. Homes, schools, and churches have been replaced, with the help of the state government and kindly people. Many families in Brownfield now have more worldly goods than they did before the fire, but one thinks of the treasures lost that can never be replaced—great-grandmother's wedding ring, pictures of the children when they were babies, and valuable Maine antiques that have been in homes for generations.

Finally, after many weeks of worry and suffering, the long-prayed-for rain came. As we went out at one o'clock to go on patrol duty, an almost-forgotten drip could be heard from the eaves. We woke the household by our shouts of, "It's raining!" The worst fire seige in Maine's history was over. We learned the hard way how carelessness with fire can damage our state. No more burning brush or tossing lighted cigarettes from cars during the dry spell. If such a situation ever strikes Maine again it will not be the fault of Maine people.

It is hard to imagine the contrasts in September days. One day I find the camp a blaze of color from the foliage, the porches are warm and sunny, the doors are open, and everyone decides to go on a trip tomorrow while this lovely weather lasts. But it does not last that long. Rain is falling the next morning and when I get to work I find the cottage doors and windows closed against the storm, a snapping fire in the fireplace, and the family decides to eat on the kitchen table where it is cozy. Outside the rain drips from the trees as the leaves fall one by one, leaving the woods bare and forlorn. I cannot sweep the porches today for they are covered with wet leaves—yellow, red, and


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orange. The rainbow ceiling is now a carpet almost too gaudy to walk on. The sky is dark with low clouds and the next camp is invisible for the fog. Lights are turned on early in the afternoon and I bring in extra logs for the fireplace, for we know it will be an evening for letter writing and talk around the fire. My work finished, I go home to my own fires, books, hot coffee, and an evening of games. We know that it will be cooler tomorrow, and that winter is again almost upon us.

September is the month for state and county fairs, an amusement that is very popular in Maine. No one except rural folks can ever understand the reason for Maine's love of fairs. They are not a childish pastime as summer folks think, they are often the poor man's vacation. They are reminders of a desire to work harder to improve Maine's products and to be able, next year, to do just a little better than the other fellow and win first prize. They are the one time when we meet old friends and have a chance to visit with them. Visits to the exhibition hall prove the results of a past season's hard work. Those squashes, turnips, and beans are just vegetables to summer folks, but to us they are a constant struggle with insects, drought, hailstorms, and frosts—and hours of work under a hot sun until your back feels ready to break. Those crocheted bedspreads and braided rugs are works of real art, all made after supper during the long winter evenings. Woven into them are dreams of what Junior will do when he finishes school, of Mary's new baby, and of the new milking machine that is hoped for early in the spring.

Some of my earliest recollections are days spent at Oxford County Fair which, like all things including myself, has changed greatly since the days when we rose at six and got off to an early start in a two-seated horse-drawn wagon. The seventeen miles to South Paris was a long tiresome drive in those days, especially to small girls who had risen so early; but we felt it was worth it when we arrived at the fascinating place of spun candy, balloons, ice cream cones, and—best of all—the merry-go-round.

Our family saw its first plane, or airship, as it was called, at Oxford County Fair. We did not see it fly and even doubted if it could, for it was in a tent; one had to pay admission to look. Dad wanted to see it so he paid our fares and we gathered around this strange thing that was said to be able to stay up in the

sky. Dad thought it likely that it could; Mother thought it a queer lot of machinery; and Violet and I thought we would much rather have spent the admission price on a balloon. Today planes hover over the fair and no one lifts his head to watch them. The old grey mare who brought us safely and carefully here now has a flighty great-great-granddaughter who is running in the parimutuel race today.

Through the march of years the fair concessions have remained much the same. The modern merry-go-round has no more thrill for a tiny girl than the old-time ones that were turned by a hand-crank. Ferris wheels, tilt-a-wheels, and silver streaks are new, but the side shows still offer girly shows, wrestling, and freaks. Maine folks have little use for girl shows, except for young boys who dare each other to see the show. They find it was money wasted, for the best show is on the outside of the tent where everyone can watch.

Freak shows can still earn money if they are the real thing, and long ago Maine people learned to spot a phony quickly. These are soon forced to leave the fairgrounds from lack of business but the real ones can pack in the crowds..."The wild man captured deep in the heart of Borneo who lives on raw meat and fish" has gone now, but he never was wild enough not to know that he was fed up with his job and that it had been a bad day for business! The fakers have learned that unless their show is worth while, they are soon out of it, for New England people of today will not even make an offer for the Brooklyn Bridge.

This is the month when we say good-bye for a season to our summer friends and help them go through the process of closing their cottages...The most danger to summer camps comes through the mice and rats and it is a problem to get everything beyond their reach. They move in when the owners move out, settle down to comfortable living in a warm mattress or blankets, raise their families, invite their neighbors in to dine on all the soap, spices, and forgotten eatables and generally have a very fine winter. Camp owners have all learned to pile blankets and bedding on table tops, to remove everything that can be destroyed, and to put out poison enough to last through the winter. Even then they usually find that the upholstery on a couch or chair has been completely ruined. There isn't anything to

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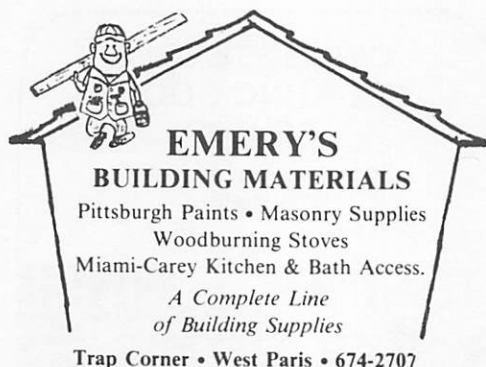
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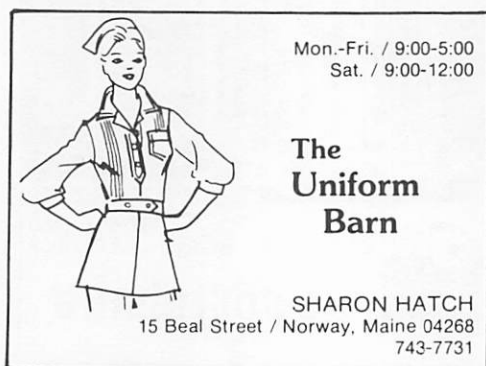
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be done about this problem, for who can blame a Maine mouse for seeking a comfortable place to spend the winter, away from the cold and storms?

September is moose season in Maine and it is becoming a month to be dreaded on this account, for Maine has no open season on hunting moose. They are fast getting too plentiful for comfort and many towns and cities have had the experience of watching a bull moose amble down Main Street. They seem to know that they are protected and have no fear of humans. They very seldom show any signs of temper although there are men who can tell of sitting in a tree several hours while a moose pawed the ground below them. It is no secret that men trapped this way have killed moose, but who can blame them? The penalty for shooting moose is severe, but very few are ever caught in the act. They simply shoot and walk away. Days or maybe weeks later a game warden finds the body of the moose, makes a big commotion and threatens justice, and gives out the word that the guilty gun has been traced, but; the moose-haunted man sits at home, thanking his lucky stars that he did shoot, and soon the whole thing is forgotten. Who can be sure that a game warden is any braver than an ordinary person or that an angry moose can distinguish between a blue serge and a uniform?

We had one moose that came to be regarded as a friend. He came to the north end of town early in the season and settled down in the cow pasture very much at home. Folks for miles around came to see him and on Sundays the crowds resembled Old Home Week. He stood with his cattle friends and was content to be stared at—a huge animal with a beautiful set of antlers, a real King of the Maine Woods. Brave people took many pictures of him and post cards with his picture went to far-away states. Finally he seemed to tire of being so much in the public eye and lost his friendliness. After he chased several daring persons up trees and over fences, town officials and game wardens decided he was no longer a safe pet for the public. Men expert in the art of throwing a rope, with a heavy truck and an officer on charge, all gathered in the sunny cow pasture and after several hours of hard work this forest monarch was loaded in the truck



TOUCHSTONE

There are certain things
Which "get me through"—
The sound of water...lake,
Or sea or stream—
It matters not, the cool wet
Sound still
Soothes my soul...
...and PEEPERS in the spring!
The sounds of summer nights...
The melancholy cry
Of nesting owls...and
Then the sound and sight
Of dried and brittle
Amber leaves of fall;
Face down,
Upon the ground,
Pungent odors filter through
To fill my nostrils
With remembered scents...
And sets my mind to reeling.
On Christmas Eve
I'm once again a child—
Transported—enchanted—
By the scent of fir...and
Shining lights...
And hope.
These things,
High on my list of wonders,
Are things which glue
The molecules of me
Together...
And keep me whole
Until, again, in spring
The roughened cat's-tongue feel
Of the may-flower leaf
Will brush my cheek
As I crouch to savor
Ling'ring sweetness of the flowers...
Man lives not
"By bread alone"...
But by senses...older than himself;

Janice Bigelow
West Minot

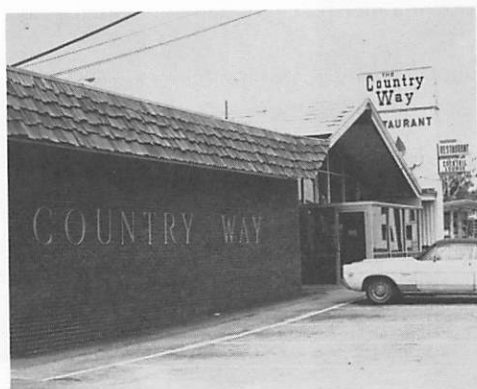
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...Page 38 **Maine Is Forever**

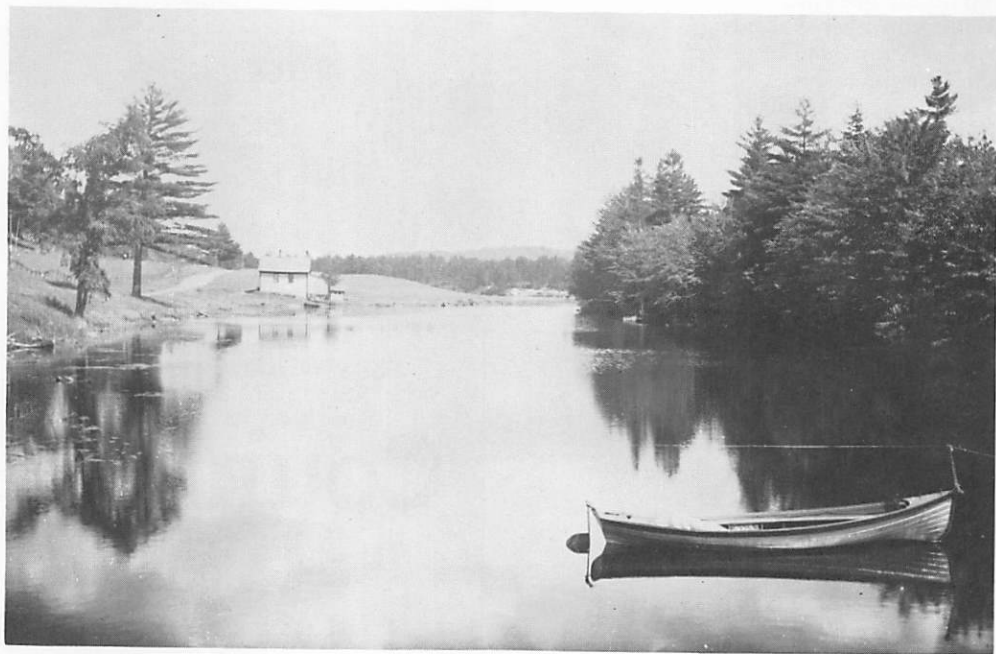
and driven to the northern part of Maine, miles from the place where he had chosen to stay, where he was freed. Whether he was injured in his capture or did not want to live alone, missing his fans and cattle friends, will never be known, but he died shortly after that, in spite of pampering from game wardens. Maybe the spirit of this proud animal was broken as well as his body. He who had roamed where he wished, had known no fear of man or beast, and had ruled his kingdom by his strength and power could not submit to being made a captive by man.

It is not an uncommon sight to find the huge track of a moose on the lawn or in the flower garden during September. If you are lucky you can often watch one walk slowly through the yard. They will come very near to a house and are in no hurry to leave, no matter how many folks stand near to watch them. Often one will run for miles in front of a car at night, doing forty miles an hour in an easy lope. The driver is none too happy, wondering if the moose could turn the car over if he suddenly decided to turn and attack. Of course a state with plenty of moose in it has something to brag about, but it is not a nice feeling when you watch your

small son or daughter start for school to know that they might meet a moose face-to-face. It isn't a nice feeling if you happen to meet one yourself. You will be looking for a solid tree to climb and you will have no doubts at all as to your ability to climb it!

As September nears its close, the days get shorter and the nights cooler, but the days remain a thing of beauty. The birds have stopped singing and are leaving Maine and a quiet peace falls that the other months lack—a quietness of Nature's own, before she starts her loud winds and blustery storms of winter. This is a time for harvest and for deep thinking, a time that comes only to September, one that many summer guests have discovered and now stay to enjoy. More and more each year, September is becoming a vacation month and there is every reason for it: warm sunny days, nature's technicolor, cool evenings, a good excuse for a roaring fire in the fireplace, perfect picnic weather, and maybe even the chance to see a moose. □

*Mrs. Farrington, now a resident of Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris, wrote her book, **Maine Is Forever** at East Stoneham in 1954.*



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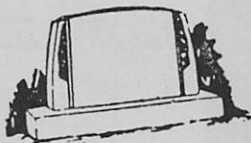
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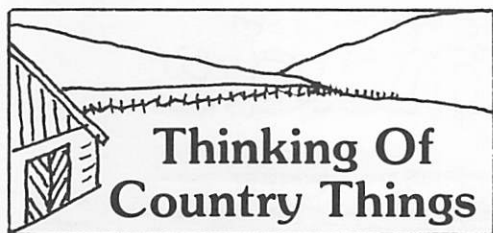
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Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader

JAMAICANS

Up in my barn on the threshing floor, nine of us are seated on apple boxes and tubs where we clean and grade out onions. They make piles at our feet, yellow-brown, with half-dead, rank-smelling tops.

The Jamaicans smoke as they work. They have some wine in small cheese-spread glasses. They sip it. The cigarette smoke, since it's a misty, still, late-September day, floats in the rafters. One of my cats sleeps on burlap bags on a bean-stack and peers across, veiled a bit, a Cheshire-cat.

We've been talking, as we work, about this and that, but now the Jamaicans are swept into something that carries them along and they abandon Jamaican English for their own *patois*, Creole-English, so-called. I don't understand it; it's fast-moving, musical, and plays upon what sound like many echoed syllables, like the call of an auctioneer.

Everyone's intently involved. Exchanges, interruptions and laughs make up the pattern for perhaps ten minutes, then Lance launches into a staccato declamation, punctuated with gestures of a pointed cigarette, that flourish for five minutes at least. "Yes, man, yes," the others say.

I'm trying to think of any other occasion when I've seen eight people so fully engaged in talk. If eight young American males could be imagined all equally involved, all speaking up and contributing (it's hard to imagine), then what conceivably could be the subject? Football? Cars? The opposite sex?

About now a lull comes, not surprisingly, after Lance's solo, and Frank, who in many ways features as the group's leader, turns to me and asks, "Do you understand, John, what we've been saying?"

Needless to say, I answer no. And then when Frank does explain to me, I am so unprepared for the answer that I doubt my hearing and have to ask Frank to say it again.

Frank repeats, "Will the rich man enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Then he goes on to ask, "Do you think so, John?" I quickly answer no, for I remember the words of Jesus, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." I say, "No, Frank, I do not think so." I would have laughed with delight, but didn't, fearing I might not be understood.

All this needs some explanation. The month is September and the Jamaicans are here to help with the maincrop apple harvest.

But no, I'm not an orchardist, nor is my farm enterprise of such scale that I import labor. Far from it, and don't I wish I could, for I am thinking of another occasion when my Jamaican friends dropped by to visit. I had just started to dig up our gladioli planting of some 600 or 700 bulbs. Frank, Lance, Eglon, Forrester and the others immediately set to, and in fifteen minutes we'd accomplished what would have taken me several hours. Then they asked what next, and in another fifteen minutes... It makes a fellow dream.

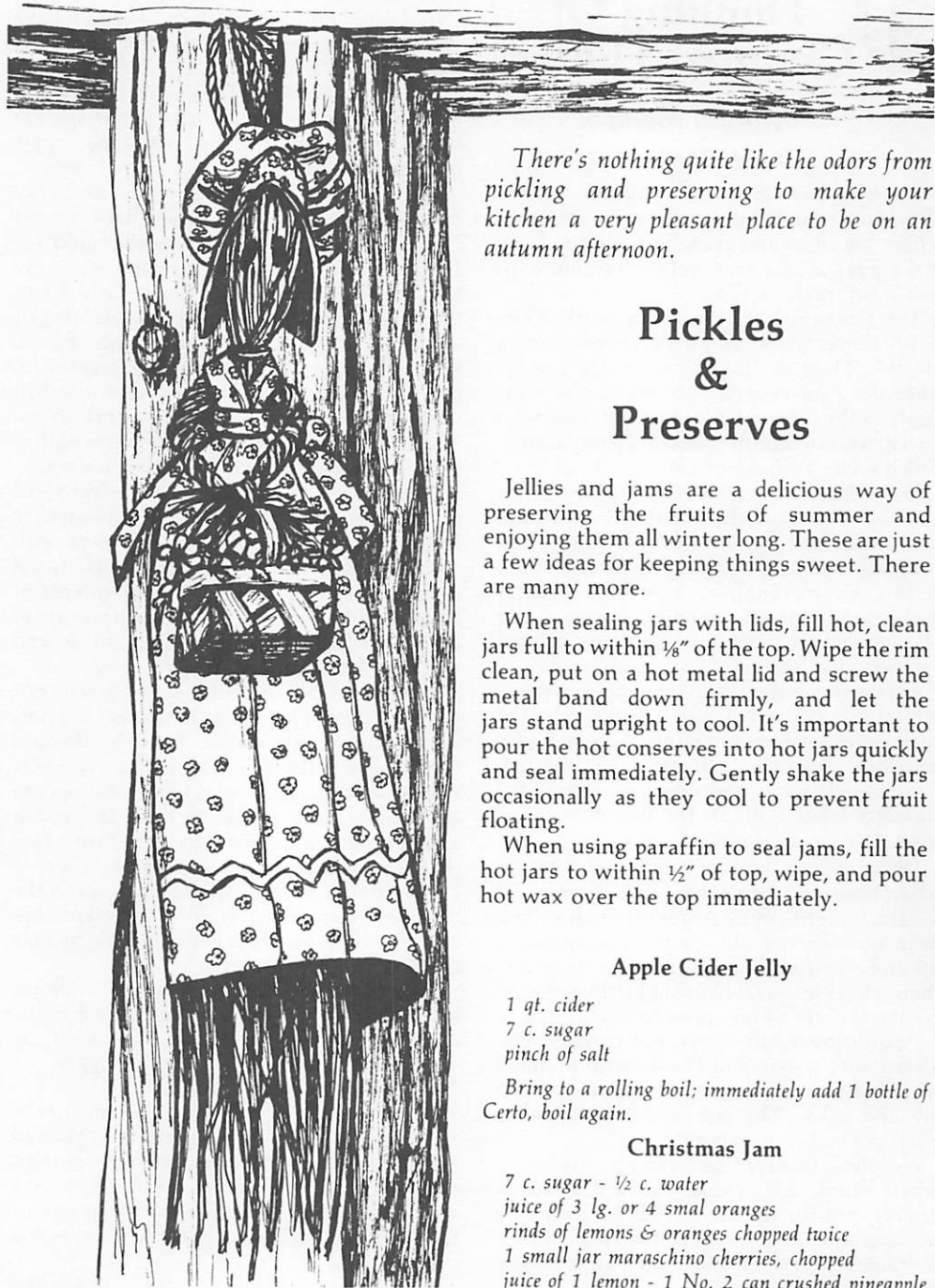
The story is this: that over the course of working with Jamaicans as an apple-picker for several seasons, I became friends with them, and so on rainy days or days off, they'd mosey down the hill to my place to sort of look around (several of them have small farms in Jamaica), to lend a hand, to sit, and talk, and laugh.

The friendship took time to evolve and not surprisingly. There's a language barrier, even though we share English. Beyond language, a cultural barrier exists. And past that, race and racism play a part. Blacks are cautious around whites at first, and it can and perhaps should work the other way, too: that is, I knew that I was seen as white before I was known as John, and I wanted to take care to display my certainty that skins are skin deep only and that the blood and muscle beneath are just the same.

As I said, language is a problem at times, going both ways. For instance, Jamaicans pronounce strap as "strop," wagon as "wahgun," goat as "gote," pepper as "peyypper," and so on.

By chance, pepper was the means to reducing barriers. It was after work and Frank apparently was cook for that evening's meal. I happened to be near the men's quarters when I heard Frank asking one of the orchardist's daughters for what sounded

Homemade



There's nothing quite like the odors from pickling and preserving to make your kitchen a very pleasant place to be on an autumn afternoon.

Pickles & Preserves

Jellies and jams are a delicious way of preserving the fruits of summer and enjoying them all winter long. These are just a few ideas for keeping things sweet. There are many more.

When sealing jars with lids, fill hot, clean jars full to within $\frac{1}{8}$ " of the top. Wipe the rim clean, put on a hot metal lid and screw the metal band down firmly, and let the jars stand upright to cool. It's important to pour the hot conserves into hot jars quickly and seal immediately. Gently shake the jars occasionally as they cool to prevent fruit floating.

When using paraffin to seal jams, fill the hot jars to within $\frac{1}{2}$ " of top, wipe, and pour hot wax over the top immediately.

Apple Cider Jelly

1 qt. cider
7 c. sugar
pinch of salt

Bring to a rolling boil; immediately add 1 bottle of Certo, boil again.

Christmas Jam

7 c. sugar - $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water
juice of 3 lg. or 4 smal oranges
rinds of lemons & oranges chopped twice
1 small jar maraschino cherries, chopped
juice of 1 lemon - 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple

Combine all ingredients except cherries. Bring to a boil and cook for half an hour. Just before removing from heat, add cherries. Put in jars, seal with paraffin.

The two recipes above come from Electa Hill of West Paris via the Ladies Circle Cookbook of the First Congregational Church of South Paris.

Ginger Peachy Jam

To any peach jam recipe, add 1-2 oz. of finely chopped candied ginger, depending on how well you like ginger. Add it to the crushed peaches before the pectin is stirred in.

Cranberry Conserve

- 1 qt. cranberries (1 lb.)
- 2 c. water - $\frac{3}{4}$ c. raisins, chopped
- 2 oranges - 3 c. sugar - $\frac{1}{4}$ c. chopped nuts

Sort and wash cranberries, add water, cook 'til tender and then press through a sieve. Grate or peel oranges, remove seeds and membrane, then chop the oranges. Combine with berries and raisins and cook slowly 10 minutes. Add sugar, bring rapidly to a boil, stirring constantly until thickened. Add nuts, stir. Remove from heat. Stir and skim the froth from the cranberries; fill and seal hot containers.

There are a few secrets to good pickle and relish-making. First of all, always use good quality, fresh ingredients. Uniodized table salt can be used, although it tends to make pickle brine cloudy. Pure granulated salt is the best bet, while iodized salt is definitely out—it darkens pickles. A high grade cider or white distilled vinegar (4-6% acidity, 40-60 grain) is recommended by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Which you use depends on your preferences, but experts say that Cider vinegar gives a nice, mellow blend of flavors but darkens light vegetables, while white vinegar is sharp, pungent and acid tasting but gives a nice light color. Don't dilute vinegar unless your recipe says to. Add sugar to cut the sourness.

Always store spices sealed in airtight containers. Never use copper, brass, galvanized or iron utensils—they cause a color change in the vegetables. For brine pickles, use a crock, stoneware, unchipped enamel or glass bowl, and weigh the pickles down for best results.

Easy Sour Pickles

Wash cucumbers, drain, put in quart jars. Add 1 Tablespoon salt, 1 tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. pickle spice to each jar. Fill jars with vinegar. Cover, seal, and shake to mix spices. Repeat in a week or so.

From Bessie Clifford of South Paris in the Ladies Circle Cookbook.

Dill Pickles

Pack cucumbers in jars with 2-3 slices of onion and lots of dill for each. Pour over them a brine made of 4 qts. of water - $\frac{1}{2}$ t. alum - 1 lb. salt, scant - 1 qt. vinegar - and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. tartaric acid. Pour over the cukes boiling hot and seal at once.

The above recipe came from Happy McDaniels, one of the best pickle-makers in Waterford. It was published in a delightful cookbook called *What's Cooking With The Bear Mt. Community Club*, along with the following recipe attributed to Helen Sanderson:

Bread & Butter Pickles

- 4 qt. sliced cucumbers
- 1 sweet pepper - 4 onions
- 3 c. sugar - 3 c. vinegar
- 1 t. mustard seed - 1 t. celery seed.

Soak sliced cucumbers overnight in 4 c. water and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt. Drain in the morning, bring vinegar, sugar, and spices to a boil, add cucumbers, pepper and onion slices and boil until tender.

Pack pickles firmly in clean hot jars—not wedged tightly in, cover with brine up to $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the top of the jar. Adjust new canning lids and process in a hot water bath for whatever time each recipe recommends. In other words, submerge in a kettle full of boiling water and bring to a boil again. When the water starts to boil for the second time, start your timing. Remove from the water after the proper time, tighten the jar lids if necessary to seal and cool upright on a rack, each jar separated from the others.

Picalilli

- 1 qt. green tomatoes (16 med., chopped)
- 1 c. ea. (2-3 med.) sweet red and green peppers
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped onion - 5 c. (2 lb.) chopped cabbage
- $1\frac{1}{3}$ c. salt - 3 c. vinegar
- 2 c. firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 Tbsp. whole mixed pickling spice

Combine all vegetables, mix with salt and let stand overnight. Drain, press through cheesecloth to remove all the liquid possible. Combine vinegar and sugar, put spices in a white cloth bag tied with a string and add to vinegar mix. Boil. Add the vegetables, bring to a boil again and simmer 30 minutes, 'til it is just barely moist. Remove the bag of spices, pack in hot jars and give them a boiling water bath for 5 minutes.

Page 46...



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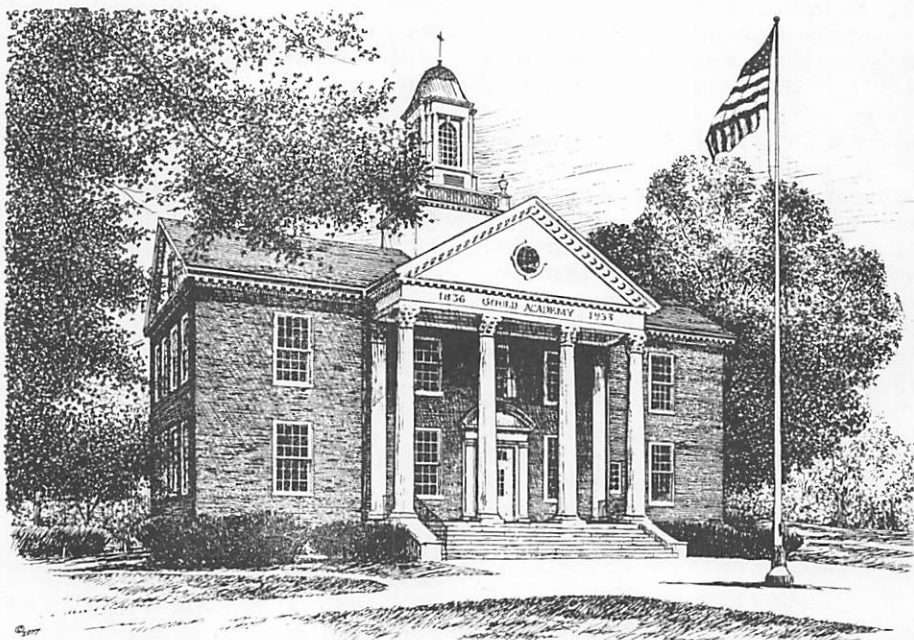
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...Page 43 **Homemade Tomato-Apple Chutney**

- 3 qt. tomatoes (6 lbs.) pared, chopped
- 3 qt. apples (5 lbs.) pared, chopped
- 2 c. white seedless raisins
- 2 c. chopped onion - 1 c. chopped green pepper
- 2 lbs. brown sugar
- 1 qt. white vinegar
- 4 tsp. salt - 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 c. whole mixed pickling spices

Combine all except spices. Place the spices in a clean white cloth, tie with a string into a little bag and dip in the mixture. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and cook slowly until thickened (about 1 hour), stirring frequently. Remove the bag of spices.

Pour hot into pint jars and fill to within 1/2" from the top. Adjust lids, process in a boiling water bath for 5 minutes. Remove the jars, seal the lids, and cool upright, separately, on a rack.

Relishes and mincemeats are excellent ways to take care of nature's bounty of excess tomatoes when frost threatens at the end of September. A word to the wise—take time to read a good book on canning or the manual that came with your pressure cooker before you start. It could save a lot of headaches later. □



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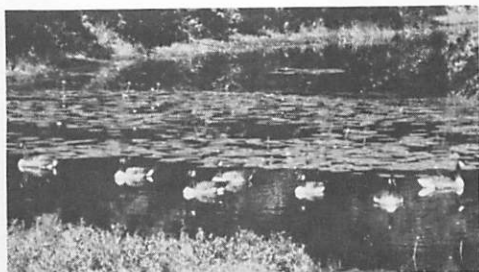
There's a trail by the winding river
A trail I've always loved,
Made by Indian moccasin foot-steps
In days when the Red Man roamed.
He, too, loved our Androscoggin,
This free king of the wild,
And he loved all things in Nature
With the heart of a little child.

Hortense Gates

With the many rivers, ponds and lakes in Oxford County bearing Indian names, we know that the Indians roamed through here and probably camped. In fact, recent evidence of their having lived on the cliffs on the west side of Snow's Falls has been found.

Our knowledge of The Trail begins on the west side of Little Androscoggin, along where the A. C. Lawrence property and Junior High School are now located. Indians came down to the water level and crossed the river somewhere above the present dam in Pooduc (no dams in the river in Indian days).

The Trail followed along a high bank (Hill Street) and came down a deeply-worn path into the field now occupied by Paris Utility buildings. Here a narrow path branched off to the left, leading to a spring of clear cold water at the foot of a steep embankment. In later years the White Man discovered this spring water contained medicinal properties. Doubtless the Indians knew this.



Canada Geese on Big Duck Pond, 1965

After crossing the field where the O. K. Clifford garage now stands, The Trail again took to high ridge, past Upper Sandy Swimming Hole to open pasture. There were many primeval pines here, evidenced by large rotting stumps scattered about.

On the right was Little Duck Pond, quite large in springtime. Now it is all filled in and where Paris Industrial Park is located.

It is in this section that The Trail has been destroyed by State Route 26. But continuing on the ridge, past the slash for the highway, The Trail again follows the high river bank, coming to Big Duck Pond, where the Canadian Geese stop in their migration north and south.

Mr. Clarence Morton took many fine pictures of these visitors, who became quite friendly. Possibly in earlier days Little Kill-o-leet is looking for the geese to come down out of the sky.

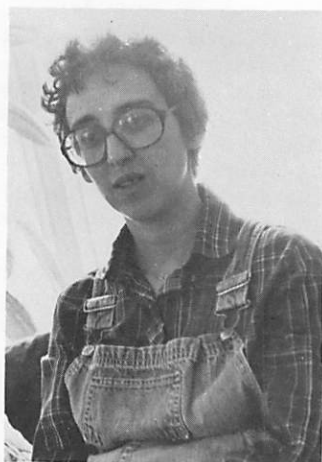
I am sure the Red Man knew the wild flowers all along the way, especially the large area of Trailing Arbutus at May Banks, tiny Orchids, Wild Cranberry, Ladies' Slippers, and Labrador Tea growing in the many swampy places along their long trek to Canada.

We all know the tragedy at Snow's Falls, more evidence that The Trail passed through this area, on up through Bethel and Andover. Several years later Molly Ocket or Mollocket walked down this way on a cold stormy night, seeking refuge from the storm. But she found only refusal in the settlement at Snow's Falls. Continuing on to Paris Hill, she was welcomed and given warmth and food at the home of Cyrus Hamlin, father of Hannibal Hamlin, once Vice-President of the United States.

I've often wondered if she followed The Trail down from Andover or the White Man's Road. There are still traces of The Old Indian Trail to be found along river banks.

*Flora Webster
South Paris*

*At far right: Bonnema's hand-made stoneware crocks (or hassocks).
At right, A variety of items on shelves at the entrance of their barn/workshop.
Below: Melody Bonnema.*



Making It

BETHEL'S **BONNEMA** POTTERS
by Nancy Marcotte



*Above: Garret and daughter, Leah.
At right: the front yard of their home on Main Street, Bethel.*





Garret and Melody Bonnema came up to Maine in 1974 and moved into a big, old white house in Bethel. Today the Victorian trim of that house is painted fresh gray-blue and its yard is landscaped with large pottery crocks, cobblestones, and part of the twelve cords of wood the potters use each year.

Their Main Street showroom-shed is full of handcrafted pitchers, planters, teapots, tiles, bowls, casseroles and cannisters. Each piece of practical stoneware is individually glazed in earth-like colors. The Bonnemas' output is unbelievably prolific at this time of year as they finish filling summer orders to the craft galleries, both out-of-state and down coastal Maine, which carry their wares.

Working together, the Bonnemas fill their barn with pieces whose glazes reflect the gently curving contours of Maine's hills—pieces which they say are "patterned like landscapes." Melody has been throwing pots for ten years, Garret for eight.

The two have known each other since they were seven years old, having grown up together and attended the same high school and church in Pennsylvania. Then Garret went to Bates College and began teaching math while Melody was studying art at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, attending craft school, and apprenticing with another potter.

Not long after their marriage they decided that Garret going off to work each day and Melody stifling her initiative by working for someone else was not the lifestyle they wanted. In looking for something more rewarding, they began designing their own work. At first Melody had the freedom to create without financial success as Garret kept his job and confined his help to building equipment or mixing glazes.

Finally, at one craft fair they received orders for \$1100 worth of merchandise and decided to leave their sheltered situation to make pottery a full-time business. They laugh now about quitting their job on the strength of such a small order, but it was the impetus they needed to set about marketing their wares in a clear-headed, professional manner. Through a series of wholesale craft shows like the world's largest artisan trade show in Rhinebeck, N.Y., they established a clientele which enabled them to move to Maine.

Their life here is much more to their liking. Sitting in a big white room with tall windows and well-designed, comfortable furniture, they talk about what living in Maine means for them and their 21-month-old daughter, Leah.

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PLEASANT STREET - OXFORD, MAINE

"We like it here," Melody Bonnema says in her charmingly straight-forward way. "We love this house. The barn is a good working space, and Garret loves cold weather. We've just started taking advantage of winter sports, like cross country skiing."

Lean, smiling Garret appreciates the fact that their manner of living allows them to split the household chores and parenting of Leah right down the middle, each one doing tasks appropriate to his or her skills and working alternate days in the studio. They have begun to be involved in the community, as well, through the food co-op and the Bethel Health Council. They say they have merely been meeting people while jogging, but it is obvious that the community recognizes intelligent contributors when it sees them. The Bonnemas feel it is a "good mixture, to have come from another place," and to live in Maine full-time.

In truth, the family has little time for outside interests. Being production potters means working most of the time. They go through 20,000 lbs. of high-fire clay annually; they use up to 25 glazes (as opposed to 4 or 5 used by most potters) which result in the beautiful blues, clear greens, shiny whites, rich browns and special yellows giving their pieces so much unusual natural color.

In addition to their home sales and wholesale orders to galleries, the Bonnemas are also engaged in full-scale marketing through a craft co-op they helped to establish—*Praxis* in Freeport. With 16 other Maine artists in glass, fiber, metal, jewelry and furniture, they help to run the shop, plan the advertising, handle finances (Garret is *Praxis*' treasurer), and learn what the customers want.

It's an enviable education, for craftspeople frequently fail due to inability to sell. "Our goal is to increase our direct selling to people," says Melody, who finds it satisfying to hear from those who come back time and again to purchase Bonnema pots and original tile-framed mirrors or stove pads for themselves and their friends.

"People have a very positive experience in Maine that's different from their normal life," she maintains. "If they can take something home with them that reminds them of this genuine feeling, it's very valuable." The Bonnema Potters will be providing the feeling of Maine in stoneware for a long time to come. □

Sweet Finds

Shedding Some Light On Solar Greenhouses

Greenhouses have become the most topical item among gardeners and people interested in a renewable resource to help heat their homes. According to Conrad Heeschen, in the **Maine Organic Farmer & Gardener** publication, the first step to be taken when building a greenhouse is to use double-glazed glass or fiberglass. He says glazing reduces heat loss by about 50%.

A double-glazed greenhouse might just about break even in a sunny winter along the coast...to turn your greenhouse into a heat producer...install moveable insulation shutters, panels, or curtains for use at night or during extremely overcast weather...it might be more practical and easier to attach the insulating panels to the outside (although they would have to be weather-resistant in that case).

As an aside, I would like to point out that not all fiberglass reinforced plastics are greenhouse quality. The fiberglass you can buy at your lumber yard or hardware, for instance, may not be resistance to ultraviolet light degradation or may not transmit nearly as much light as regular glass. The material used in the MOFGA / NE CARRY Solar Greenhouse Workshops—Sunlite Premium—manufactured by the Kalwall Corporation of Manchester, N.H. is a high quality product, as are Lascolite (widely used in the West) and some Filon panels.

What is the best way to utilize the heat from a south-facing greenhouse in the winter? First you have to decide whether you are producing heat or food primarily...if you have plants in the greenhouse, you don't want them to get too cold or too hot...To make the most efficient use of the heat from the greenhouse you could use a small fan and vent into your house from the top of the greenhouse whenever the air in the greenhouse is from 3-5° warmer than the house. Cooler air could return to the greenhouse through a door or basement window. If you use a small fan, a small vent will suffice, but if you want to establish a natural flow of air you will have to provide several large openings at the top of the greenhouse.

At night, if you have discontinued growing for a while in mid-winter, just close off your greenhouse and don't worry about how cold it gets. If you've got plants you don't want to freeze you will have to learn for yourself just how much to crack the kitchen door. You could put a small space heater in the greenhouse for those really cold nights. This should not really be regarded as cheating—after all, you have drawn off a lot of heat from the greenhouse during the day.

Heeschen says that using the house as a heat sink for the greenhouse by day and a heat source by night is a simple way of heat storage. You may have a few problems during late winter or early spring when there is just too much heat on a sunny day—you will want to be able to vent that heat to the outside or else provide a thermal mass in the greenhouse (such as water-filled barrels or a rock bed forced-heat system) to absorb the heat and add to the thermal stability of the greenhouse.

Combined with wide eaves to block out the higher summer sun and deciduous trees to keep the glass shaded in summer, uncovered in winter, a greenhouse addition to your house can be the most effective way to augment your heating system.

And besides, you may be able to grow some hardy crops like onions, chard, endive, broccoli, radishes, peas, lettuce, cabbage and carrots even in the middle of a Maine winter. □

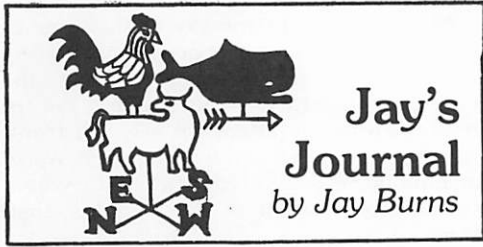
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INDIAN SUMMER

In September there are visions of touch football, falling leaves, and school. It's time to ditch your summer ways and dig in for winter. Cold temperatures are back by mid-month and the furnace gets its first workout of the season. Right?

WRONG! It's September, but it's not quite fall yet. The average maximum temperature in September is 68.4°; the average minimum 50.7°. In 1978 we recorded maximums of 84°, 79°, and 75° (our average maximum was 66.2°). We didn't have a killing frost until the 26th. We harvested tomatoes, beans, and summer squash on the 24th of the month, when the leaves had turned and were beginning to fall.

My mother, a first grade teacher, believes that most parents are fooled into thinking that fall is with us as soon as school opens. Kids blast into school all dressed in snappy fall clothes, but are beaten by the heat before afternoon. You can hold off on the fall wear a few more weeks, mothers.

Rainfall in September of '78 was very low—only .50 inches of rain recorded, compared to the Portland average of 3.23 inches. The year before we recorded 4.60 inches during the month.

We are very lucky that we live on top of a hill, especially during this time of year. As cold air is more dense than warm air, it flows into the valleys during the night. Because of this phenomenon, we can sometimes survive a night that finds the Flats of Waterford being dealt a killing frost. As I look over the weather log of the past September, I find several notations saying, "light frost in village, none here." Sometimes our thermometer will register a minimum of 40°, but there's a slight frost on the lower side of the field. This means that the air has cooled and flowed downhill, and our house is like an island in a sea of frost.

September is the height of the "dew season." The daytime temperature remains at comfortable levels. The moisture-content

of the air is nearly the same as in the summer. But during the night, the temperature falls well below the summer level of around 58°. Since dew is condensed water vapor, when the temperature falls that additional 10°, more water vapor is condensed.

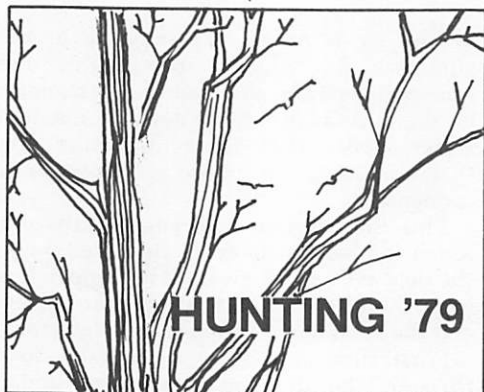
This unfortunate occurrence befalls our touch football squad every time we take to the field at Camp Wigwam. The camp field is located on Bear Pond, so it gets the coldest and the most dew of any area in Waterford.

Frustration mounts as we literally slosh through the dew on a perfect Sunday morning. Shoes squish and squeak and our once-dry Spaulding football feels like a cannonball, it has gained so much weight. Hesitant wide-receivers dive for the ball and slide out-of-bounds. Ironically, by the time we quit, the field is dry and the temperature is in the upper '60's. But we have to leave because the Patriots are playing on television!

For every discussion of the virtues of September weather, there must be a discussion of the black side. Though early snows rarely plague the hills and lakes region, in David Ludlow's excellent compendium called *Early American Winters II*, he relates an early snow of September. A tropical storm, moving up the coast of Maine, pulled cold air into the region, and snow resulted. A 4-inch blanket of snow covered the interior of Maine on September 30, 1844.

During this month, the leaves begin to turn from the green color of summer (due to the chlorophyll in the leaf which collects sunlight and converts it into energy for making food) to the appealing hues of red, yellow, and purple. As the days get cooler the chlorophyll loses its color and other pigments of the leaf are seen. Last year was a very good year for foliage-watchers. The leaves turned quickly after a couple of cold days and were "preserved."

The weather map of September differs very little from that of August. The primary storm track still passes well north of our hills and lakes. The forces of winter begin to show in September. The northern areas are cooling rapidly at this stage but the south is still at its warmest. This is conducive to sharp fronts and the development of winter-type storms in our area.



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My eye turns to the sky at this time of year. The hazy days that drugged us during August are gone. In September the Canadian air returns—cool and dry. We are now open to the effects of a warm front. As the cooler air takes over the region, warm and humid air is shunted to the south, where temperatures are now much higher than those of our area.

For the warm, humid air to return it must form a warm front—a boundary between advancing warm air and retreating colder air. The warm air must over-ride the cooler air and this takes several days. Slowly lowering clouds, light precipitation, and light winds signal the approach of a warm front. After the front passes, a period of warmer temperatures graces the area. Shortly, a cold front clears the air and returns cooler and drier temperatures.

The weather word for September is to think summer. Enjoy the last of warm weather, keep plugging away at that garden (especially the tomatoes) and don't even think about any snow.

Well, you may want to get a little sand and a shovel ready.

Burns, a junior at Oxford Hills High School, is a weather observer for WCSH-TV.



CAPRICE

Mr. Sun darts out and in—

He's playing hide and seek with me.
But I'll hang sheets out anyway

'Cause warm winds whispered close by
That they'd help dry my clothes for me.

*Christina F. B. Rowden
Bridgton*

If you don't consider your own money to be a limited natural resource, take a good look at last year's heat bills.

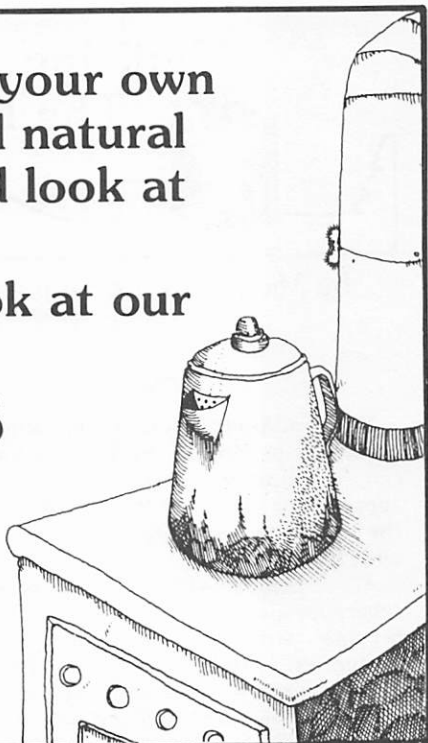
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Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

ACNE

Nuts and Bolts medicine this month—No theory, no pessimism, no equivocation. Acne can be beaten. With Fall and school approaching, and with the beneficial rays of the sun gone for another year, let's get on with it!

Acne begins with puberty when the sebaceous glands of the face, chest, and back become stimulated by newly formed hormones. Androgens, the hormones responsible, are produced in the testes of the male and the adrenal glands of both sexes; because males produce more androgens, males are more severely afflicted with acne. The severity of the disease has nothing to do with poor hygiene. (Blackheads are *not* dirty pores, but oxidized fatty acids in the stimulated sebaceous glands). Nor is acne the punishment of wayward youth, a symptom of virginity or lack thereof, a bi-product of masturbation, or the blossoming of evil thought. Neither emotion, nor chocolate, nor Coke, nor peanuts have anything to do with acne. Those who are afflicted are guilty *only* to the degree that they (or their parents) neglect the problem. Something can be done. Permanent scarring can usually be avoided.

Attack acne early, when it first appears. Don't wait for it to "go away." The aim of therapy is to decrease skin oil production, diminish bacteria, and unplug pores. To achieve this, one needs to use cleansing agents, antibiotics, and ultraviolet light.

Much acne improves in summer, when exposure to the sun's ultra-violet rays is increased. A sunlamp, properly used, will do as well. Begin with a minute's exposure per day, timed with an automatic timer, for the first week. Increase the exposure time by one minute per day each week until, by the

tenth week, you've reached ten minutes a day, then hold at that level. *Use a timer and don't exceed the prescribed times.* Wear the supplied goggles or some sunglasses, and keep your eyes closed during the treatment. And don't use a sunlamp if you are using topical Vitamin A cream (more about that later).

Wash your hair often enough to remove oil, and wear your hair off your face and forehead. Covering up pimples with oily hair just makes matters worse! Don't pick and squeeze pimples. That kind of trauma damages the natural barriers to infection, allowing the inflammation to spread under the skin. Deep, lumpy, pustular lesions are the end result of such picking and squeezing. Wash your skin often enough to eliminate all oil (you can tell by the feel of your forehead—it should be *dry*), but not so often that skin irritation results. Usually two or three times per day is right. Use a mildly abrasive, drying soap (Fostex, Pernox, others—your pharmacist can help you). If you have to use the soap at school, that's fine; such treatment of a disease is certainly much less embarrassing than a severe case of acne. Avoid oil-based cosmetics and skin lotions. If you must wear make-up, use a mild, water-based lotion.

Ask your pharmacist for a 5% benzoyl peroxide lotion and apply it every other night, initially, and then every night if no irritation results. And don't forget to treat your back and chest! Benzoyl peroxide causes some drying, peeling, and killing of bacteria, all of which are desired results. Excessive use, though, can cause severe inflammation, so be careful, and remember that more is not necessarily better.

Okay. You have now begun therapy on your own, with three out of four key measures. The fourth and equally important measure—antibiotics—will require a prescription. Don't let that stop you. Get a prescription for, and take, *tetracycline*. This is the antibiotic of choice for acne because it is selectively concentrated within the sebaceous glands and sebum, is effective in low doses, and can be used for years in a single patient. It has few side effects. Usually one starts with a 250 milligram tablet three or four times per day and, if the acne lessens, the dosage is decreased after several weeks. The absorption of tetracycline into the system is impaired by food and especially

milk products. It therefore should be taken about an hour before meals.

A tetracycline derivative, Declomycin, should be avoided. It causes photosensitivity of the skin. In pregnant or lactating women, and in children during tooth development (pre-adolescence), tetracycline is contraindicated; it permanently discolors developing teeth.

If abrasive soaps, sunlamps, benzoyl peroxide, and tetracycline fail to do the trick, as they infrequently will, there are other

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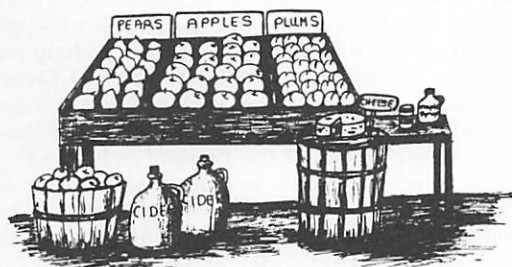
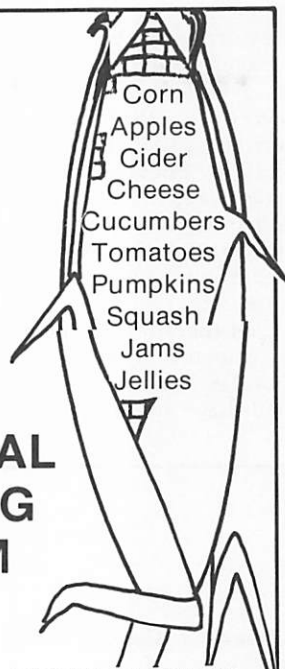
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measures available. Topical Vitamin A cream is excellent, but then ultraviolet light must be avoided absolutely. For women with severe refractory acne, certain kinds of birth control pills (Ovulen, Ortho-Novum, Norinyl, Enovid-E) will help. Injection of large acne lesions with cortisone preparations is helpful. Preliminary reports of certain topical antibiotics and oral preparations of Vitamin A (experimental!) are optimistic.

Diet therapy is over-emphasized. There is no evidence whatsoever that cola, coffee, chocolate, nuts, sweets, ice cream, or fatty foods have anything to do with acne. Better

that a daily regimen of sunlamp, lotion, cleansing agents, and tetracycline be strictly adhered to, than have to worry about diet, health foods, and kelp tablets.

How long do you keep this up? When in doubt, continue. You will know when to stop. Neglected area will no longer blossom with pimples; the forehead and scalp will become less oily; you won't be fighting it back—you will know.

Good luck and stick to it, *every day*. □

Dr. Lacombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Advisory Board.

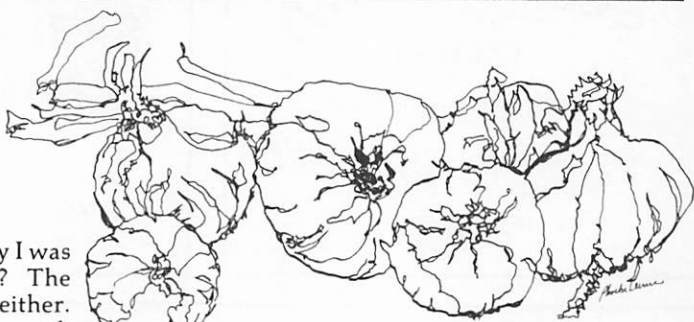
...Page 41 Country Things

at first like "paper." Naturally I was curious. Paper? For what? The daughter didn't understand, either. Frank repeated and then he said, "block paper." And, in a moment, we fell to it: "Black pepper," of course.

While the daughter went to get pepper, Frank said to me, "Can't get the good pepper, man. It's not had in the stores." I asked, "You mean hot pepper, red pepper, chili pepper?" And Frank answered, "Yes, man, the hot pepper."

Well, I'd raised some, just to see what it looked like and knowing what it tasted like—hotter than love in haying time, as the saying goes. I knew I had a surplus. So the next day I brought ten or so along. "Yes, man," Frank said.

I eventually learned that Jamaicans rarely say "thank you." It's simply a cultural trait and in no way indicates ingratitude. Instead, the thanks get said in other ways. Later in the week, one of the Jamaicans remarked in reference to the peppers, "Very good, man," with other Jamaicans concurring from other ladders in other trees, and then later still I was asked for more. The chili pepper went into the rice, the soup, the fried vegetables, and perhaps everything,



From this point the friendship advanced by small steps. I shared my water jug; Frank and Eglon, having filled their apple bins just before quitting time, came over to help me top out mine. Later, I'd return the favor. However, my subject is the Jamaicans, not my friendship, and I'd like to list, more or less casually, some of the things I've learned.

The Jamaicans are mostly African in descent, having been brought to the Caribbean Islands by Spaniards to work the sugar plantations. Their religion is Protestant, however, not Catholic as might be supposed, for the English ruled Jamaica from 1760 until 1944 when local rule was more or less instituted. Most Jamaicans that I know are religious. One said to me, "We love our church, John." Often the Jamaicans sing as they work, and usually the songs are hymns.

Frank and Eglon, the two men I know best, came from rural Jamaica and they both owned plots of land. This was true of several others as well, I believe. On the land they raised sugar cane and various vegetables that were sold at local markets. Everyone kept goats.

Page 62...



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*T. Jewell Collins
North Waterford*



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As for marital status, these Jamaican men were in their early twenties, except for Eglon, and might reasonably be expected to be not married yet; but I gather that the usual practice was one less formal than marriage, anyway, or at least early on. Eglon was the only Jamaican male I'm sure was married. Others? Well, they did have a woman, usually, and children, too, but I don't think the arrangement was legalized by either church or state.

"The women are very treeky, John," Donald said, "You have to play the game, man."

Most of the Jamaican workers I've seen are good laborers, with an occasional person here or there, more than likely coming from an urban background, who wasn't really prepared for manual labor. But other Jamaicans really excel as apple-pickers and as general workers as well, I'm sure.

But I think Jamaicans would prefer to take it a little slower, as who wouldn't? I think their natural pace is slower, their sense of time somewhat different from ours, and why not? They frequently are a little late getting started but then, once going, they want to work past quitting time. They'd be calling for another empty bin with only fifteen minutes remaining.

All this I learned over several years and it wasn't until this last fall that the Jamaicans started to come visit Pat, me, and the farm. It takes quite a bit of time and attention for communications and liking to develop. But they did develop and more or less crystalized in an event that I'd like to sketch briefly as a way of bringing this piece to an end.

The Jamaicans wanted to have a party at our farm. They wanted to buy and slaughter a goat, to prepare a curry and something else that they spoke of with great relish as "rahm-gote soup," that is, a soup made of young male goat.

A goat was eventually purchased, the eight Jamaicans buying into it equally. And one very chilly fall day the animal was deftly killed and butchered, and then the curry and soup were prepared over an open fire in the lee of my barn.

I've mentioned pepper. This is a bit off my point, but I have to say that the curry and soup used all of the chili peppers I had on hand—some six or eight, plus a small can of black pepper—two ounces, say, that the Jamaicans had brought. And then Stewart

asked if we had more. Pat brought out an eight-ounce can and I swear no less than half of that was also applied.

Some time in mid-afternoon we ate. The rice was delicious and perfectly cooked. The curry was also delicious and so was the rahm-gote soup. Yes, it was hot with pepper. It was so hot that my tongue refused to believe it, it simply transcended, I guess. But the soup burned my throat all the way down. On such a cold, raw day, it was perfect.

We stuffed ourselves, talked and laughed. They told me that rahm-gote soup "was good for your daughter," meaning, I believe that if a woman wished to have a male child, rahm-gote soup would see to it.

Then we cleaned up, threw wood on the fire. And John—the Jamaican John, not me—led us in singing hymns. Frank's voice is purer, but John has a bull of a voice, perfect for lead.

So there we stood in the late, chill afternoon, hands in pockets, singing loudly, happy, full—eight Jamaicans a long way from home and two Yankees in their native realm. It wouldn't be long before we wished we were in Jamaica.

□
Meador is a writer and farmer living in Buckfield.

MAINE EVENT

I leave her—restless—to her morning meal
The bin filled high with grain.
Beyond the barn
The road belongs to Maine mist—
That chemistry of vapor seasoned
With scent of balsam and pine.

I pause at road's bend,
Too soon to touch the red sleigh—
A derelict divorced from horse and women
(ermine-muffed)—
Upholstery ragged from
Spring and winter wet,
Supporting geraniums, potted and
seated within.

Then I hear the still restless thud
Of hooves on stall—
And I—leaving the relic of an era past
Answer the wistful whinnies
In the morning mist
Knowing
That fog was born to have foals in.

*Betsey J. Collins
North Waterford*



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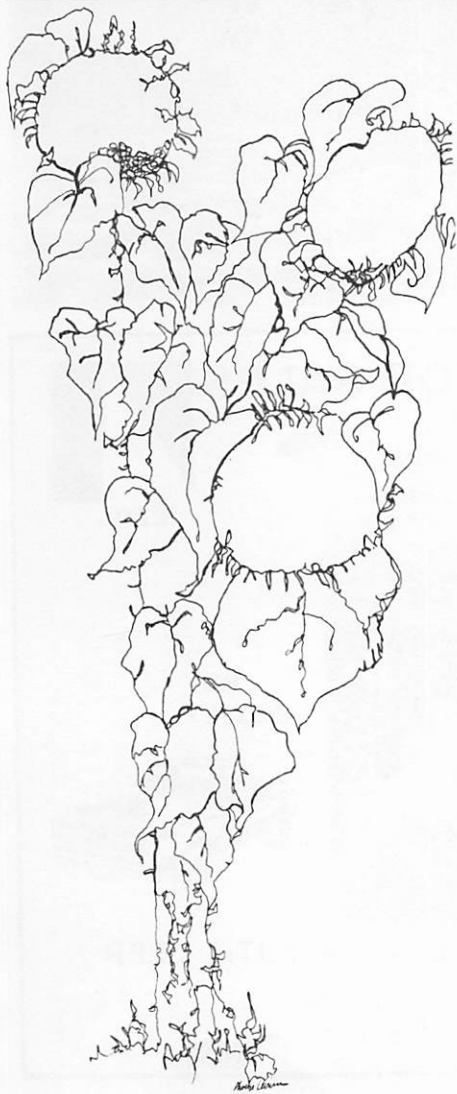
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SEPTEMBER BRAINTEASER - XVII

One day John went to the Speedway to watch a race. As the cars sped around the oval track and drew apart from each other, John became dizzy from watching them. Therefore, he decided to keep his eyes only on a particular blue car.

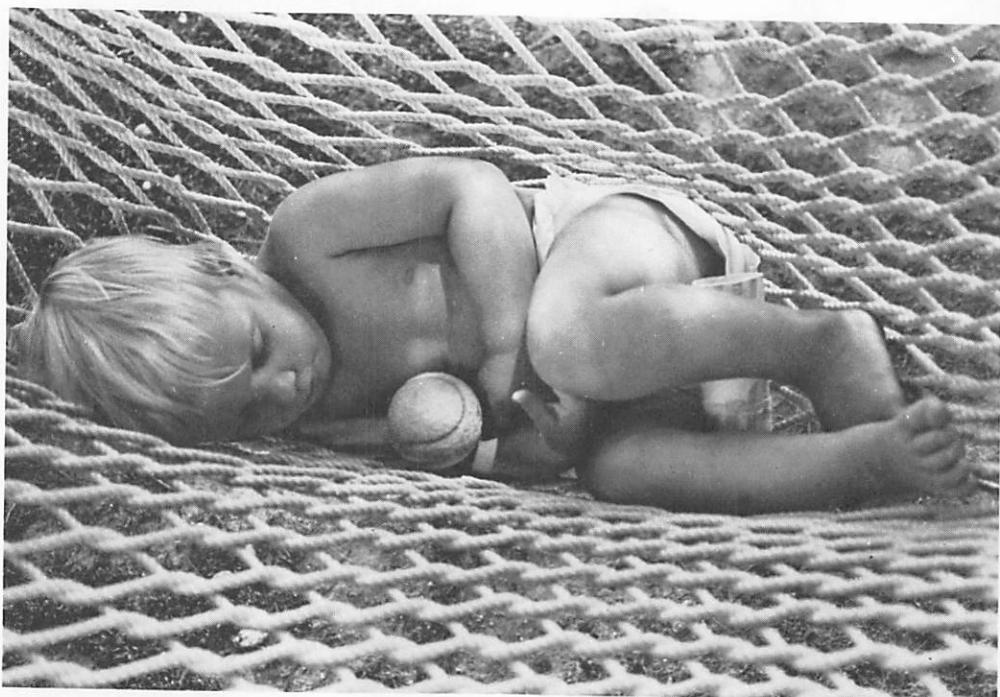
When John tried to count all the cars on the track, he noticed that the total number of cars was equal to one-third of the cars in front of the blue car, plus three-quarters of the cars behind the blue car. How many cars were there in the race?

ANSWER TO AUGUST BRAINTEASER

The other dollar is still present and accounted for, although it doesn't seem to be. To arrive at the truth of the matter we must figure out how much money was actually spent, and where. Since each man paid \$9, the total actually spent came to \$27. Of this \$27, the waiter kept \$2, leaving \$25—the amount charged for the meal by the manager. This accounts for all the money spent. The fallacy in the original question is that the \$2 which the waiter kept is assumed to have come from the original \$30—a sum which was never spent.

Cynthia Mason of Bethel was the first to answer last month's Brainteaser. At press time answers had also been received from Tom Kennison, Norway; Dana & Cyndi Hall, Lewiston; Laina McLaughlin, South Paris; Lisa Rae Tracy, Oxford; and Laurie Kiesman, North Bridgton, who told us she is 12 years old and her dad helps her to decipher our stumpers.

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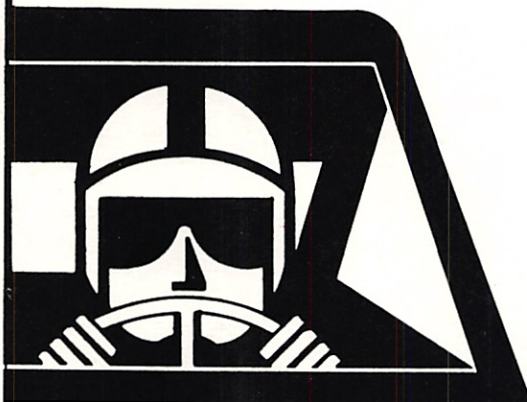




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